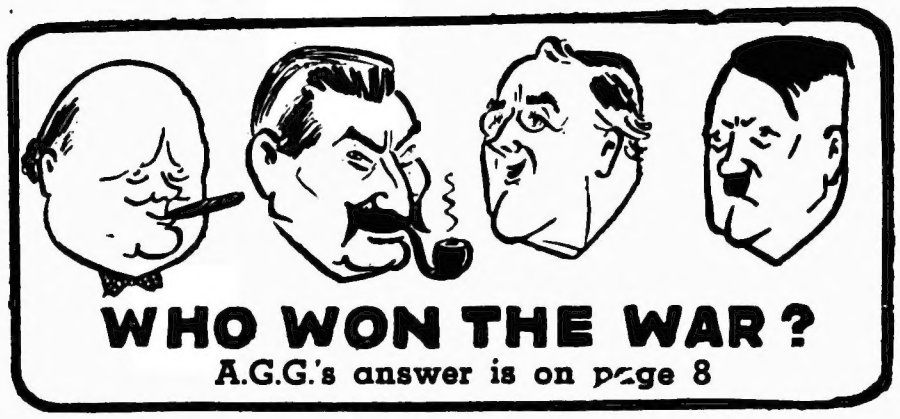
Week ending May 12 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday



FOR A
RICH GRAVY

Add a dash of Marmite, the yeast-food extract, when making gravy, and see how much it improves the flavour. Use Marmite also to add zest to soups, stews, meat and vegetable dishes.

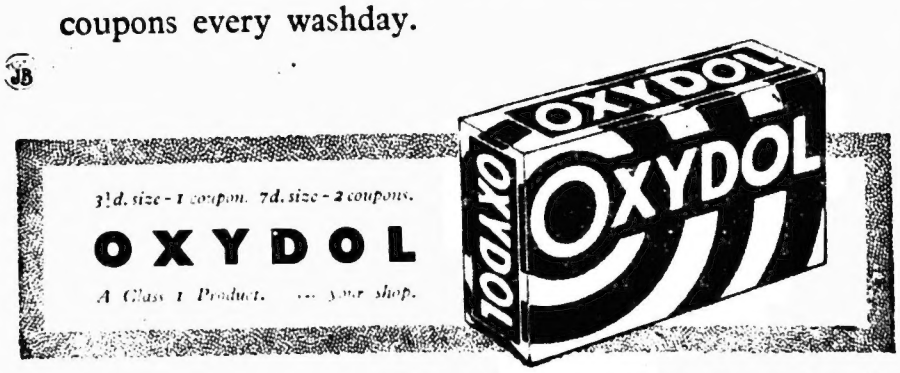
INSIST ON
MARMITE
AND YOU'LL GET IT

In Jars: 1 oz. 6d., 2 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6
from all Grocers and Chemists

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND
WASHDAY WISDOM

The safe and certain way of helping clothes last longer is to wash them in Oxydol, the famous granulated soap. Because Oxydol Busy Bubble lather gets the whole wash spanking clean without hard rubbing and scrubbing. So use Oxydol and save clothes coupons every washday.



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Will you want

a set with knobs on?

We have always tried to give you as few knobs as possible. And in 'knobs' we include all gadgets that may look exciting, but have little real use.

MURPHY
RADIO

C.R.C. 174

Steeling a march! Trust Gillette's fine-tempered edge to get through where the going's toughest. On the Elbe or on the chin, Gillette in battledress smooths the way—to that *victory smile!* Gillette in battledress, maybe—but Gillette true to form!

Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

If you can't always get them, remember they're worth trying for! Production still restricted.

–but have you had a BRUSHLESS

BRYLSHAVE ?

You can't have had a *best* shave till you have tried a BRUSHLESS Brylshave. It's quicker and smoother than anything you have yet experienced and easy on blades. As good for shaving as Brylcreem is good for your hair.

IN JARS 1/9 (Including Purchase Tax)

Made by the makers of BRYLCREEM

B.S. 1B

PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

EXAMPLE OF BENEFITS *(suggestion for a man aged 35 next birthday)*

For yourself at age 60–		For your dependants–	
Annual income for life	£170	Cash payment in the event of your death before age 60	£2,000
Cash option instead of the income	£2,000	In addition guaranteed bonuses at a rate of £10 in respect of each year's premium paid.	
Guaranteed bonuses	£250		

Premium payments rank for Income Tax abatement.

The above is an example only. Benefits which may be more suited to your particular needs are just as readily obtainable

★ ENQUIRY FORM

To PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please let me know the annual cost of securing a yearly income of £..... at age ..... (other benefits proportionate)

Name ..... (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) Date of Birth .....

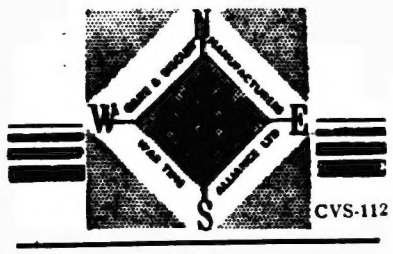
Address .....

J.B. 71

You like Biscuits

Of course you do. And you are wise to make the most of the limited supplies available. We know only too well that there are many occasions when biscuits help to keep you going and to avoid that over-tired feeling while there's work to be done. Biscuits are nourishing and easily digested. In fact, just as you like them

...they like you!



CVS-112

EVERY BOTTLE

'makes as many cups of good coffee as ever

'CAMP'

FULL STRENGTH FINE FLAVOUR

SAILOR'S GIRL TAKES CARE

"I asked him to try and get me some undies. He got these in New York."

"Who wouldn't be a sailor's girl! But won't you be afraid to wash them?"

"They'll be quite safe. I've got some Sylvan Flakes."

"You mean you've got some Sylvan as well — did that come from New York too?"

"No. I can get that myself."

"How ever do you do it? I never seem to get any."

"You've got to ask for Sylvan by name you know. I do, and I get it quite often."

"It's no good me asking my boy to get me undies, but I can ask my grocer for Sylvan."

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

54FF

Assignments • personalities • news-values • deadlines

—*she's always "on edge"*

The daily life of a Press Photographer is a drain on her nervous energy. With much to do in little time, she feels all the better for a soothing cup of Rowntree's Cocoa. Many other women too — wives and mothers with the cares of a home on their shoulders — know the comfort that Rowntree's Cocoa brings in a long and tiring day of work and worry. Rowntree's Cocoa calms down jangled nerves and aids digestion. Unlike so many drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

Rowntree's Cocoa soothes frayed nerves

Very Popular V.P. wines

There are these good reasons why V.P. Wines though scarce are still eagerly sought. They are British produce made with Empire grapes. They maintain their pre-war quality and contain the full alcoholic strength resulting from natural fermentation. They are priced for good will and not for inflated profit. They cost only 6/6 per bottle.

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

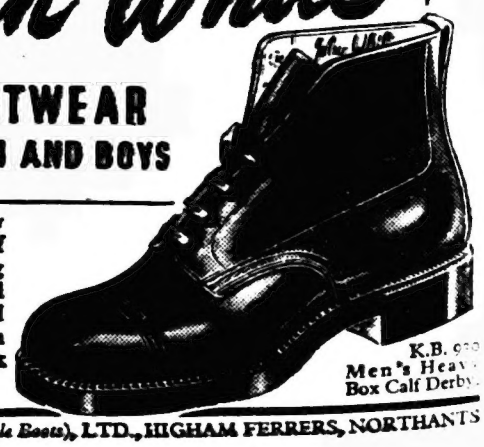
POINT BRAND

RICH RUBY ★ SWEET WHITE ★ BRITISH SHERRY

John White

FOOTWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS

The signature borne by millions of pairs of Service footwear during the war years, will ensure comfort and satisfaction in wear in the days of peace—look for the name.



K.B. 930 Men's Heavy Box Calf Derby

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*), LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

Without Fear or Favour

LEARN OR PERISH

LAST TIME we threw away the Peace in the exuberance of deliverance from war.

Our leaders sacrificed every opportunity of planning a sane world. Blunder was heaped on blunder. Injustices were extolled and stupidities excused.

This time—

Nothing is more certain that unless we have learned our lesson civilisation will perish and humanity will sink back to the brutishness of the apes.

Yet the essentials of peace are plain enough to every intelligent man and woman.

An organisation must be fashioned to restrain aggression from any quarter.

That is not all, of course. That is hardly the beginning. We need not so much a fire brigade to quench the flames as to build a fireproof chamber.

Mere hatred of the vanquished will only sap our minds. Let us rather hate the causes of war: the evils which stultified mankind between 1918 and 1939.

Never again must millions of families depend on the "dole" queue. Never again must acid be sprayed on growing crops to destroy them —while people are starving.

Never again let statesmen delude us into thinking that racial ambitions and frontier disputes are more important than the provision of work, food and all the comforts and relaxations that contribute to the full life.

THESE, THEN, are the factors of a permanent and prosperous Peace:

Armed force to police the world in the interim period of international development. Equality for all nations and all peoples. A raising of the standard of life everywhere. The Hot Springs proposals to ensure adequate food for the whole earth. World agreements to promote freedom of trade, transport, finance and distribution.

Above all, the realisation in the minds of each of us that national greed and selfishness must inevitably lead to the international bestiality of war.

The Editor

COLLAPSE OF AN IDEOLOGY

Victory's Reward. Occupying Germany. Riddle of Reparations. Slim pushes on to Thailand. World Abundance of Rubber. Maternity Service Critic. Betting Fashions

VICTORY—OVER WHAT? The German armies were but the tools of a foul ideology that set a low value on human life and no value at all on human dignity.

Fascism (Nazism is only another name for it) is an evil creed because, denying the common man the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it makes of him a mere docile creature of "the State."

Absolute power corrupts absolutely. Fascist States like Italy and Germany were inevitably corrupt, cruel, inhuman.

Nations Enslaved

Worst human vice is the desire to dominate other people. In a democratic country, this vice is kept within bounds by wise laws, by political parties, by trade unions, which safeguard the freedom and dignity of the common man. Fascism, on the contrary, gives this vice free rein. Hence horrors like those of Buchenwald.

Therefore, while our victory is a splendid thing for Britons, Russians, Americans, it is really, as desirable for the beaten Germans and Italians.

Italians after 1922, Germans after 1933, were ordered about, drilled, driven and regimented like so many slaves.

Victory's Prize

"War settles nothing," say the pacifists. They are wrong. This war has settled much.

Our victory has decided that we shall be ruled, not by armed thugs in uniform who would even (as they did in Fascist lands) set our children to spy on us: but by Members of Parliament and local Councillors, whom we ourselves choose and whom we can unseat if we will.

Price of Freedom

But the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. We might have had Fascism here—we have not forgotten the black-shirted bullies (William Joyce, "Lord Haw-Haw," was one) who marched with knuckle-dusters through our streets and held meetings at which would-be hecklers were beset with violence.

France, now free, has had several Dictators in her time. Spain has one yet. The Fascist stench still pervades Europe's south-west corner—and the vast corner of America that is Argentina.

By all means let us exult in our victory, which we owe to those who have fought, those who have worked. But let us guard our freedom well, for it will never be safe while men exist so base that even Fascism appeals to them.

Germany's Future

WITH THE NAZIS GONE, someone must run Germany. Last year the Big Three Allies put up a "Central Control Commission" for the job, and the French have since been brought in.

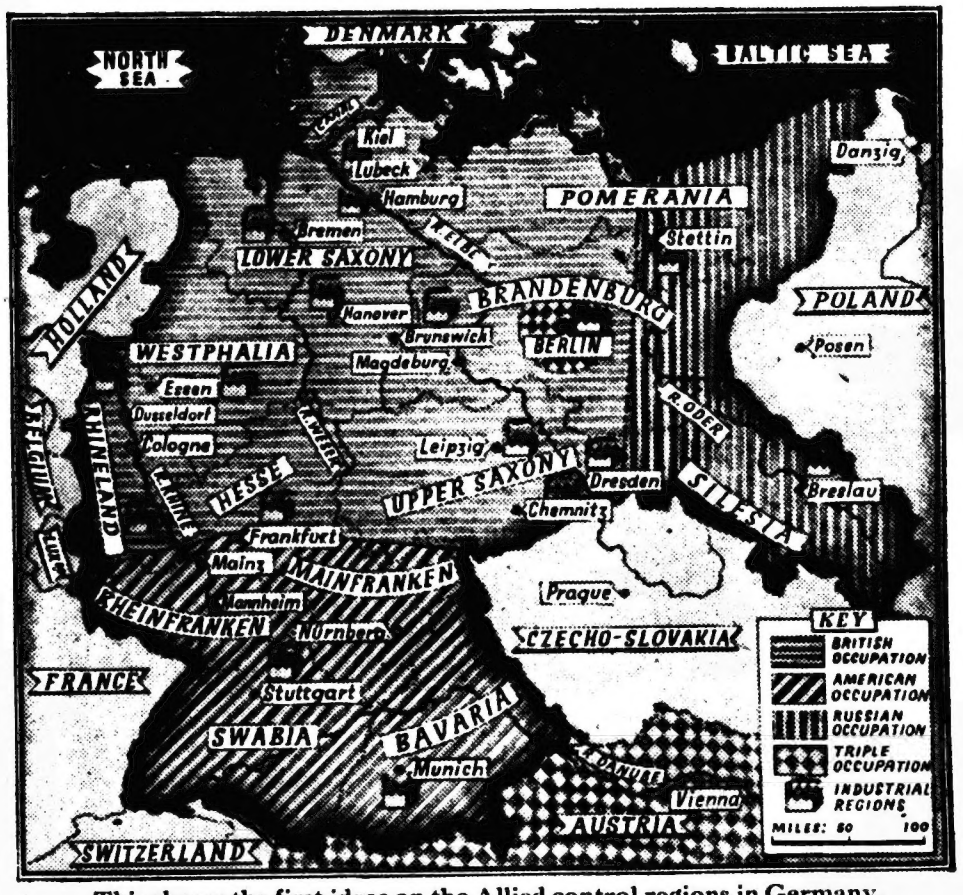
British members are Ivone Augustine Kirkpatrick and Major-General Stanley Woodburn Kirby.

Kirkpatrick used to be at our Berlin embassy, was present when Hitler thrice met Neville Chamberlain in 1938, identified Hess on his unexpected arrival here by air, and controlled the B.B.C.'s foreign broadcasts.

Kirby ran "Civil Affairs" for Allied Military Government, learned his Army stuff at the War Office staff college, and served in India.

Machine Tool Man

Then there is Sir Percy Mills, described as "British member of the Economic Control Committee." He is a machine tool expert who has done well at the Ministry of Production. Before the war he made weighing machines.



This shows the first ideas on the Allied control regions in Germany. Modifications will probably be made — Russia's zone may eventually be extended even beyond the west bank of the Elbe

The Americans have already sent to Germany Major-General Lucius D. Clay, described here last week. He is top civil affairs man under General Eisenhower.

But the big shots, yet to be announced, will most likely be chosen after close consultation among the leading Allies.

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, who, as chief of the R.A.F. Second Tactical Air Force, has been scourging the German armies, is mentioned as possible chief of an international air force to police Germany. Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, as we have reported, is suggested for a bigger job.

"Free Germans"

The Crimea Conference—Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin—said an Allied Commission would operate from what remains of Berlin, directing zones occupied by the respective Allied forces. Since then, similar zones have been agreed for Austria, operating from Vienna.

Already the Russians in their German zone are using "Free German" personnel recruited from prisoner-of-war camps under Field-Marshal von Paulus, captured at Stalingrad.

This makes sense, for sooner or later Germans will have to be trained to run the place on democratic lines.

Task for Lord Keynes?

The Big Three at Yalta decided that Germans should pay compensation "in kind" and "to the greatest extent possible."

They agreed to set up in Moscow a commission to determine the extent and form of such compensation. The commission is due to meet this month, and Roosevelt appointed as American member an economist, Dr. Isidore Lubin. Then Truman, on his accession, appointed a Democratic Party politician, Edwin W. Pauley, as American member, to rank as ambassador, with Lubin as his assistant, ranking as minister.

Lord Keynes has been suggested as British member, but more likely is Professor Lionel Robbins, head of the War Cabinet Secretariat.

Seventy Million Scratchers

Influential people here are advocating that Germany should be deprived of her productive machinery, which, they say, should be handed to Allied countries.

The idea is that 70,000,000 Germans, deprived of all but garden tools, would be so busy scratching a living as not to become a menace again.

Manufacturers here and in America like this idea because they think they can destroy German competition while still selling to a German market.

Mid-Europe Slum

But a Germany thus de-industrialised could not support anything like its present population. Semi-starving Germany

JB insurance

SO GREAT A HELP— SO GREAT A TIME OF NEED.

"Please accept my greatest thanks for so great a help in so great a time of need," writes Mr. W. Eden, of Rainford, Lancs, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following a fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

VICTORY —FOR WHOM?

would be a vast rural slum, rotten with disease and ripe for a new Hitler.

Germany has great natural resources and a hard-working population. Without her potential output, all Europe would suffer a drop in the standard of life.

Anyhow, if Germans are to pay compensation in kind, they must work to produce the goods. Which points to the Allied Control Commission's reconstructing German industry, not dismantling it, so that output over and above a bare living for Germans may go to make good the damage done by the German armies abroad.

More Food

THERE ARE NO TWO opinions about the immediate future of German agriculture, at a time when the whole world is short of food. All the Allies see the need for maximum possible German food production this year.

Happily there is reason to think that the Germans themselves, impressed by General Eisenhower's proclamation that their own efforts will determine whether they go short next winter, will work hard on the land.

Samuel I. Rosenman, U.S. Supreme Court judge, whom Roosevelt sent to Europe to survey the economic position, is urging that Germans be set to work producing all the coal they can.

Dutch Relief

UTMOST CREDIT IS DUE to the people who rushed food to needy Holland, a perfect example of how to do it.

With the Germans still there, the job could not be done by U.N.R.R.A. without military intervention. First to meet the Germans was Major-Gen. de Guingand, chief of staff, 21st Army Group, followed by Eisenhower's chief of staff, Lieut.-Gen. Bedell Smith. Actual "cease fire" was negotiated by Lieut.-Gen. Foulkes, commanding the Canadian First Corps.

The operation is a good omen for the peace ahead. Planned efficiency can achieve other things besides victory in war.

Quicker Demob.

SOME ALLIED TROOPS pulling out of Germany will go to the Far East. Others, first priority men, should soon get to their key posts in industry at home.

Though the call-up of young men will go on, it is wrong to suppose huge conscript forces will be needed for occupying Germany in these days of tanks and aircraft, not to mention V-weapons.

What is happening is that the right men are being sorted out for the right jobs.

Slim's Secret

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. J. SLIM'S Fourteenth Army will soon be as famous as the original Eighth Army, to judge from the pace of events in Burma. Already he is busy with maps of Thailand (where the British Singapore prisoners are) and Malaya.

Slim, who at fifty-three looks more like a farmer than a soldier, wanted to be a journalist. He still writes under a pen-name which he won't disclose to anyone.

He knows well the country from Mandalay to Rangoon, for he conducted the rearguard action under Alexander when the Japs swept into Burma three years ago.

Mussolini's End

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD, whose distinguished father by sheer legal brilliance climbed out of the obscurity of plain Mr. Smith, deplores the "savagery and sadism" of the Milanese as shown in their treatment of Mussolini and his mistress.

The whole affair was nasty and sticky, and no one wants that sort of thing to go on.

But the Milanese did at least act in the heat of the moment, and they had much to avenge. Unlike Mussolini and the other Fascists, who practised "savagery and sadism" with no less ferocity in cold blood over a long period and without even the motive of revenge to extenuate their conduct.

Age of Plenty

EGMONT HAKE, chairman, told the Rubber Growers' Association that world capacity to produce synthetic rubber is about 1¼ million tons a year, and natural rubber 1½ million tons a year.

Against this potential output of nearly 3,000,000 tons, he said, the highest estimate of the world's capacity to consume rubber was no more than 1½ million tons.

This is one more instance of the fact that we live in an era of terrific abundance, and that we have a long way to go before scarcity bars a further rise in the standard of life.

Maternity Critic

DR. JOHN ELAM, the childbirth specialist, has hard things to say in the *British Medical Journal* about maternity services.

Are we, he asks, to tell our returning warriors: "Oh, yes, we can help your young wife tremendously, but really it is too much trouble, so we are not going to bother"? These words, from such a source, will shock the public.

He contrasts favourably, by the way, the attitude of elderly male county councillors with that of young women medical officers of health.

Behind the Songs

ART. NOEL, whose "If You Ever Go to Ireland" has proved such a big seller, plays the piano only by ear, yet he has a flair for popular song-writing.

Jim Kennedy and Michael Carr, who wrote "We'll Hang Out Our Washing on the Siegfried Line," among other hits, do not claim deep technical knowledge of music. Many composers of popular songs can't write their music down, some play the piano with one finger.

Exceptions to this general rule are Jerome Kern, Cole Porter and Noel Gay, all of whom learned harmony, counterpoint and composition. Gay, writer of "All the King's Horses," even took a Bachelor of Music degree.

"& Co."

IT IS TIME the War Office realised that millions of people simply don't get incomes big enough to make a bank account worth while.

A bereaved next-of-kin, getting a crossed cheque to settle the final pay account of a man killed in action, must look for somebody through whose bank to put the cheque.

Fraud would be amply guarded against by a draft payable at a post office on production of one's identity card.

Forecast Bets

THE "FORECAST" type of bet, customary on dog tracks, has spread to horse racing, and a bookmaker was offering 1 and 2 for the Guineas with a fixed No. 1, the favourite, Dante. The idea will doubtless spread.

Average forecast at dog tracks is round 30s. return for a 2s. stake, pretty good odds, despite the difficulty of finding first and second.

Card Racket

Another thing racecourses can learn from dog tracks is to give you a racecard when you pay to go in. Sharks at Newmarket have been getting as much as £3 apiece for racecards.

Coming Boxer

TED ("KID") LEWIS, former world welterweight champion, now managing boxers, has a pupil on whose behalf he is challenging anyone in the country.

This is Claude Dennington, young ex-amateur, who looks like climbing into the championship class.

Netball Pros

POST-WAR SPORT CRAZE looks like being basket ball, up-to-date version of what we used to call net-ball.

This is a professional game in America, where more people pay to watch it than to watch baseball.

Sports Wear

CAMOUFLAGE SUITS as worn by commandoes have now been proved to render concealed spots needless when you are duck shooting.

You now sit, suitably attired, on a bank and blaze away at ducks, which will even alight on the water a few feet from you.

Eviction for Evacuees?

THE evacuees are coming back. Four or five weeks are expected to elapse before the arrangements are complete. Then, no doubt, some will have the same unpleasant shock as a forty-year-old East Barnet man and his wife.

They have been given notice to quit—because they have brought home their seven-year-old daughter, who had been evacuated after being buried by a bomb-burst which killed her mother.

The father went to the country a fortnight ago to see his daughter. He found her living in filth. She hadn't had a bath since Christmas.

"She was one of four evacuees in charge of a sixteen-year-old girl," he says. "I have sent parcels of clothing regularly, yet she was in rags. So I decided to bring her back right away."

She spent her first night in London with her father and stepmother in their one-room flatlet. The following day the landlady objected—and gave them forty-eight hours to quit.

They tramped around Barnet all day without finding another place, and finally went to Oak Dean Emergency Hospital.

The sympathetic sisters offered to put them up for the night. In the morning they saw the billeting officer.

He did all he could for them, including accommodation for a week. But after that——

His other daughter, aged ten, has found a good home at Durham. She is so happy she doesn't want to come home.

"I'd better leave her there," he told me, "because she'll only have to walk the streets with us if we bring her back."

But other children may well be treated to that experience.

The New Englische Folksgazette

Incorporating The Times and the Daily Herald

No. 1. May 12, 1945 — 10 Pfennigs

MY CONQUEST OF BRITAIN

The Fuehrer Speaks from Buckingham Palace

Ribbentrop as Gauleiter

Ten thousand victorious SS troops to-day greeted their Fuehrer with thunderous acclamation as he mounted the rostrum erected upon the battered steps of Buckingham Palace. Raising his arm, the Fuehrer said:

MY PARTY MEMBERS and my Volksgenossen, I speak to you to-day from what once was the capital of England. To-day is the happiest day of my life, the most glorious and fateful day in 2000 years of German history. The vile and treacherous dictate of Versailles has been finally liquidated.

As I look back on our long struggle, now raging for nearly six years, I remember again with emotion more than one moment at which it seemed to weaker eyes that all our work and our blood were to be poured out in vain.

One such moment, one of the great turning points of this historic struggle, came in the summer of 1942 at El Alamein. But the great Rommel's Afrika Korps was not halted. The order I gave for its advance sealed the fate of the sprawling, decadent British Empire.

On September 4 German troops entered Alexandria. Ten days later they marched into the streets of Jerusalem. By November 1 they had joined forces with the victorious German armies at Baku.

Churchill Failed

About this time I learned beyond any doubt that Churchill and Roosevelt were planning an invasion of the French colonies in Northern Africa. I thank providence that through the drunken garrulity of certain of the plutocrats news of this wretched plot came to our ears just in time.

The sea invasion, stopped on the beaches, fled in a disorganised rout through the Straits of Gibraltar, where our U-boats waited.

Another turning point in the struggle came at Stalingrad in January, 1943. There the senseless, bestial opposition of the Russian hordes, backed by the gigantic output of their inhuman arsenals, and by supplies which the British and American plutocrats were still able to send them, was able for six months to resist the historic advance of the heroic German armies. Under the guidance of Providence I myself assumed command. I gave the order for the Sixth Army to stand fast. Stalingrad was taken.

Next, Moscow was captured. Leningrad, which had long been besieged, fell to the assault of German infantry.

At last, on November 5, we were ready for England. Everything had been foreseen and provided for. I stood at the gravesides of our glorious German dead, communing with the blood and soul of German heroes. And in that moment my Volksgenossen, I felt again the surge of destiny.

I gave the order: England.

With the victory over England will ever be associated the name of Professor Oberg, under whose guidance were forged those terrible weapons, V1, V2, V3 and V4, by which the British Empire has at last and finally been brought to its knees. The puny British Air Force tried again and again to bomb the factories where these weapons were being invented, developed and produced. But, as usual, the British Intelligence Service failed utterly to locate the real centres where this great work was going on, and the bombs of the warmongers fell only on open country or residential areas.

V2's Triumph

When at last the decisive fury was unleashed Churchill made yet another of his notorious speeches. The British people, he said, were not like other people. Bombs made no difference to them. In fact, they quite liked bombs. Well, I think we have seen how much the British people liked bombs.

By June 6, 1944, when the V2s came into operation, the V1s had already reduced London and the South of England to chaos. The roads were blocked, the railways out of action; gas, electricity and water supplies ceased. The people huddled in their miserable shelters in bitter cold, terrified and starving.

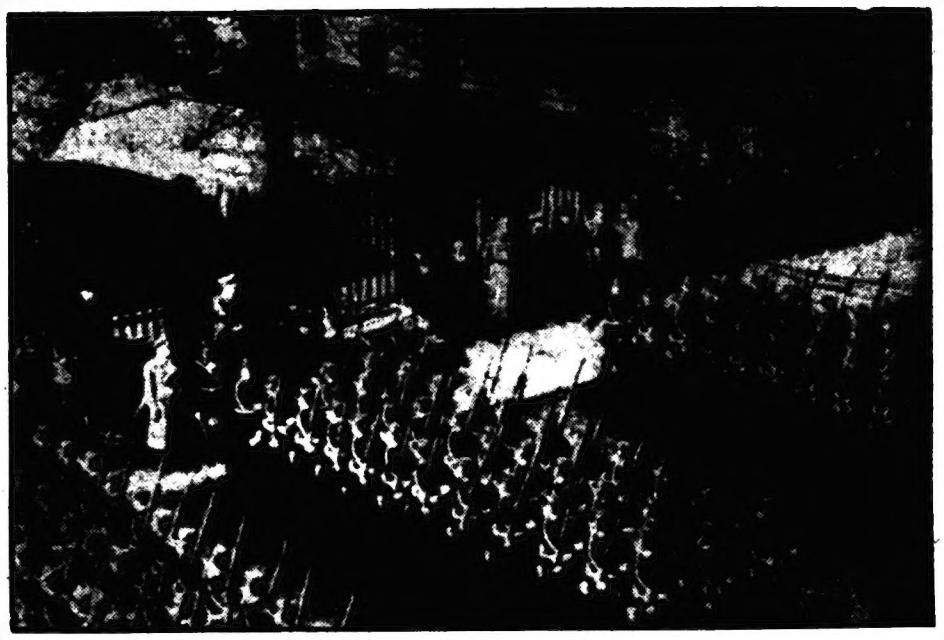
Then the V2s were launched. In six months London—save for this palace, carefully preserved for my coming—was a heap of rubble. All order and discipline disappeared, as it was bound to disappear, when the empty promises of the Jew-ridden demo-plutocrats had at last been exposed by the power of Aryan blood and Aryan science.

Blazing Cities

The roads leading out of London were crowded by millions of wretched, shivering, hungry workers, abandoned by their impotent leaders, exposed to the ever-growing terror of the final destruction, with only the animal urge to escape.

But there was no escape for them. Every day the weight of the attack increased. Every day the range spread wider over the country with calculated precision. The ports of the south and east coast crumbled to ruins.

With the introduction of V3, December, 1944, Cardiff, Liverpool, Manchester,



BEFORE MAKING HIS HISTORIC SPEECH FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE FUEHRER REVIEWS HIS VICTORIOUS TROOPS

and Glasgow fell under the rain of death and devastation. One after another every centre of production, every factory, every camp and airfield, every city and town in the whole of Britain was turned into a blazing inferno of annihilation.

At the same time I gave the order for which the Luftwaffe had long been impatiently waiting. On January 9 a great fleet of more than 12,000 German 'planes swept out in clear skies over the length and breadth of Britain. The wrath of Germany was aroused. Our airmen pursued the fleeing millions down every road and lane in the country. They bombed them with new and terrifying explosives, riddled them with cannon and machine-guns.

I am Responsible

Again there were some who asked the meaning of this destruction. For my decisions I assume the full responsibility before Europe, before the world, and before the Bar of History. I was not prepared at whatever cost in the lives of Bolshevik Jews and decadent Anglo-Saxons to spill one drop of German blood that could otherwise be spared.

With the final victory will forever be associated the name of Reichsmarschall Goering, who, under my guidance and the guidance of Providence, commanded the forces of invasion. On March 23 twenty-three divisions of parachute troops, the flower of German manhood, descended on Britain. The same night 120 S.S., tank and infantry divisions commanded by Marshal Rommel set sail in transports, barges and landing craft from the ports of Norway, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France, guarded by the Luftwaffe and by the German Navy.

There was little resistance. The boasted power of the plutocrats had been too thoroughly broken. Within five days came the end.

Even in plutocratic, bolshevised England there were a few enlightened men who, knowing the righteousness of our National Socialist cause, fell upon Churchill and the bestial clique of warmongers, and approached us with offers of capitulation.

The German people do not hate the Anglo-Saxon people. In spite of all we have suffered we bear no malice. I accepted their surrender.

Goering's Honour

To celebrate this unprecedented moment I have founded a new order to be called the *Englandkreutz*, which I now confer in the First Class on Reichsmarschall Goering, supreme commander (under my direction) of the Combined German Forces.

Meanwhile I have appointed Party Member Ribbentrop to be Gauleiter of Britain. His deputies are Party Members Bohle and Joyce, who are now reorganising this shattered country for the service of German civilisation.

And now, my Volksgenossen, I declare with unalterable decision that I have no further territorial claims to make in Europe. But one task remains to us. Fate has decreed that even in our hour of greatest triumph we still cannot relax.

The vast but cumbrous power of the American plutocrats will soon be ripe for destruction. Already our victories in Europe have forced them to divert a large part of their navy to the Atlantic in the vain hope of staving off their inevitable ruin. Already our Japanese allies have overcome their earlier setbacks at Midway and in the Coral Sea. Australia and New Zealand are in Japanese hands. Burma and India have been overrun.

I Will Choose

The Americans can rest assured that the time will come for their destruction, as it came for the destruction of the warmongers in France, in Soviet Russia, and in the British Empire. It will come with inflexible certainty as history demands and as Fate decrees. And the moment of its coming I, and I alone, will choose. My patience is exhausted.

Sieg heil! Sieg heil! Sieg heil!

Had Hitler won, here is your newspaper for to-day. Keep it as a reminder of what might have happened to us

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.,

Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Most people will agree with you that "there are far too many directors of undertakings, large and small, who are there because they have money, or because their influential friends think they ought to have money."

It used to be said that the younger sons of noble families, if they were not very bright, were found jobs in the Church. Nowadays they are accommodated on the boards of business firms.

Certainly, in the tough world that lies ahead of us, British industry will be better without what you call "this privileged, uncreative group of guinea pigs."

We shall need men who really know the trades they direct. Men of foresight and shrewd commercial judgment. Men who can plan and promote abundance. Not gilded ornaments!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Cyril J. Ross,

Company Chairman

DEAR SIR,—As you tell your shareholders: "It is to be hoped the Government will in its wisdom provide sufficient supplies for the clothing needs of the people at home, whose wardrobes are very much depleted."

The argument applies with no less force to other domestic goods, such as china and crockery, table and bed linen, furniture. Hardly a home in the land but is more or less short of some of these things.

Shortages exist of almost everything, and the problem is to decide priorities. Economists, for instance, can make out a good case for giving preference to capital replacement—new machinery and equipment for factories.

But the economists must not have it all their own way. The human factor has to be considered.

Most people are tired and have been going short for nearly six years. In the long run, the rate of national recovery will depend on the energy shown by individual human beings. And that clinches the argument of people who want priority for domestic and personal requirements.

The one thing we must all remember is that lack of labour—and, to some extent, of materials—will make it impossible for us all to be satisfied quickly.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys, M.P.,

Minister of Works

DEAR SIR,—Brave words you spoke when VE Day still seemed a long way off: "As soon as Germany is defeated the Government will start expanding the building labour force to 800,000 inside a year after VE Day."

The present labour force is pitiably small—337,000, many of them old men or young boys. And nothing that has happened since you took office has given me reason to expect that you will make good.

Not a solitary resident in all Greater London but knows perfectly well that you haven't even been able to arrange for bomb damage to be repaired with the vigour, efficiency and enthusiasm we all had the right to anticipate.

Nor have your flashy touches inspired confidence: your undue emphasis on the contribution of 3,000 American sappers or a handful of Italian prisoners of war. I should feel happier if you sifted out 25,000 experienced building men from among the German prisoners and put them to work straightaway under proper supervision.

I am not pre-judging your appointment of General Sir Frederick Pile as Director-General of Housing, though what the conventional Army training from Woolwich onwards has to do with housing is by no means clear.

But downright ineptitude marked your choice of a Director of Public Relations. Post-war housing will be essentially a matter for public enterprise and Treasury finance: yet you give the publicity job to—of all people—an active Tory politician and self-confessed "consistent advocate of free enterprise."

I do not ignore your undoubted assets. It is an advantage to have the Prime Minister as father-in-law. Value attaches, even, to a background like yours—Eton, Oxford, our socially exclusive Foreign Office, and that catastrophic failure the British Embassy in Berlin. But what on earth has all this to do with housing?—JOHN BULL.

THE HOME SECRETARY AS SEEN BY HALL

Mr. E. Shinwell, M.P.,

Seaham, Durham

DEAR MR. SHINWELL,—Here's my support for the bright idea that social service benefits should be paid partly in kind, partly in cash.

Pensioners will agree, for they have been hard hit by rising prices, which mean that their fixed incomes buy less. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who thinks the £ is still worth 15s. of 1938 buying power, hints that prices will soon go higher. So they must, for the 3s. 6d. coal rise will make many things dearer.

Already some social services are paid in kind—school milk and meals, for instance. If we gave every child a daily hot meal, besides milk, it would (as you suggest) put a bottom into agriculture by finding a market for farm produce. Similarly, to give every child two pairs of shoes a year, and a school uniform, would put a bottom into the shoe and textile trades.

It won't be hard to include pensioners in this scheme, the beauty of which is that benefits would be independent of a varying cost of living.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

POST-WAR

THE BIGGEST POST-WAR PROBLEM is rarely mentioned. It is not food, nor housing, nor employment. It is not a mass affair, but an intensely individual matter.

It is how we are going to adjust ourselves to a world that we have not known for six years.

This question of adjustment is a serious one. We have all, whatever we have been doing since September, 1939, been keyed up. We have been living above our normal rate.

We have been anxious, worried, and mentally and spiritually overweighted. We may or may not have been conscious of what has been the matter with us.

But, conscious of it or not, we have every one of us been living under strain—strain that will be relaxed at an increasing pace.

Unless we take ourselves in hand, that is going to lead to bad consequences. If you overstretch a wire and then let the tension go, you get a slack wire. You have taken the life out of it. Take care that that does not happen to you.

It need not—if you watch yourself. Keep your brain cool and your emotions under your own control. It is going to be easy to let others take charge of your emotions—but you must not allow it.

You must work out your own relationship to the altered routine that is coming. You must learn to divert your enthusiasms from war thoughts to thoughts of peace.

You have got to learn again to live an individual life, and to solve your own problems. That is going to need brains, good temper and forbearance. Better start training now!

Are They All Right?

Here is comfort for the bereaved

RECOUNTING ONE OF THIS WAR'S greatest deeds, the bombing of the dams, the late Wing-Commander Gibson, V.C., told of an extraordinary incident. One of the attacking aircraft had made its run-up, had dropped its mine. There was a fateful split-second as the canister of explosive whistled down, then a terrible explosion.

The mine, falling short, had hit the top of the wall. After the flash there was no sign whatever of the great Lancaster; no wreckage; nothing. In the Wing-Commander's 'plane they were trying to call up the vanished ship: "Are you all right? Are you all right?" And then—this is the extraordinary thing—they seemed to get a reply, faint over the radio telephone—"Yes, I think so. . . ."

The First Thought

Strange, and all the more poignant because reported by one who has himself, since that dramatic moment high over Germany, passed beyond mortal sight, the story leaves a haunting echo.

Old as humanity is the question called over R.T., in Gibson's Lancaster. Are they all right, "the unreturning brave," who fought and died to give those of us who survive them the joy of hearing the last "All Clear"?

At first there can be only one thought—that they are gone.

Yet there was a glory in their going.

He's gone.
I do not understand:
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sudden sunset glow,
And he was gone.

These words, from Wilfred Gibson, a poet of the last war, must leap into meaning for many a lonely wife or mother to-day.

Life is Not All

What genuine well-founded comfort can we give to those whose men will not return?

Let us get one point clear to start with: the thoughts and dreams of meeting again which come to those who have lost a loved one, are a natural expression of an instinct common to humanity the world over. They are found alike in both highly civilised and primitive peoples.

In all humanity there is this instinct which tells us this life is not all, that death is not an end, that much, very much, lies beyond.

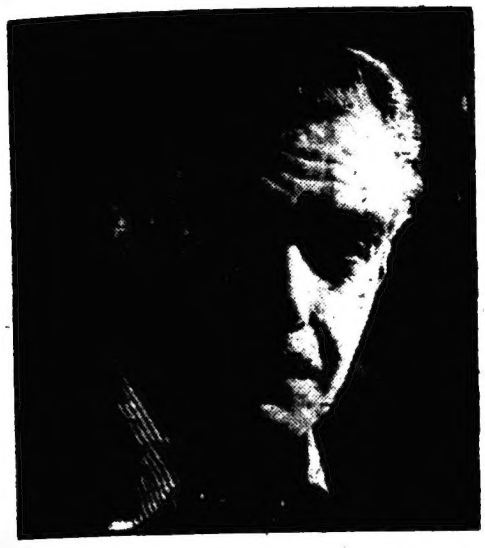
Love, self-sacrifice, that high resolve which can send a man to his death for a cause he believes in—these are not part of the organism which perishes.

Rather are they elements of the mysterious compound which we call the soul, which stands in relation to a human body rather as music does to the violin, and which is no more destroyed by smashing the instrument than music itself is.

In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you.

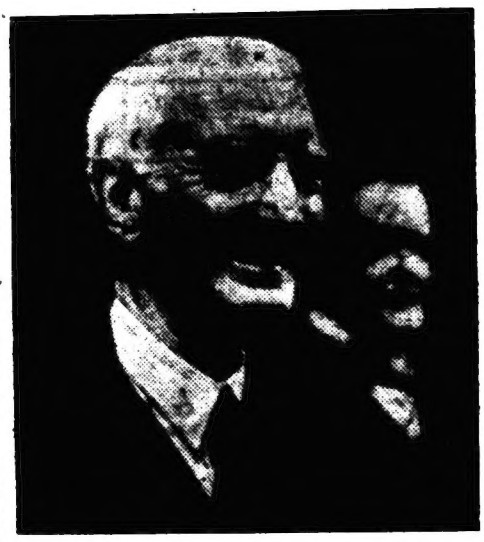
To our heartfelt question, "Are they all right?" surely these words of Christ give a clear, untroubled answer.

W. E. PURCELL.



Eden for wisdom abroad

Bevin for better Transport



Beveridge for the Beveridge Plan

Cripps for peace in India

Britain's post-war task will be the greatest in her history—but we have the

BIG MEN FOR THE BIG JOBS

says HANNEN SWAFFER

SUPPOSE AFTER ALL, the election upon which our fate for a century depends, results in a stalemate. Suppose, as some experts expect, another Coalition is forced upon the rival parties.

In that event, the Right will have to concede to the Left vast schemes of reform. Who should implement them?

Take, first of all, the problem of Housing. No fewer than 4,000,000 houses are needed immediately, and when those are built as many more must take the place of slum areas. At present, almost nothing is being done about it.

You can only solve the housing problem by dealing with it as though it were a war—a war on homelessness. It needs someone who will smash through obstacles, evolve a plan, and get on with the job like Beaverbrook did when we wanted aeroplanes, like Woolton did when, rationing food, he treated the nation fairly, and like Morrison did when, hastily moved to the Home Office, he had to repair the blunders in A.R.P.

For, believe me, unless the housing problem is seriously dealt with now it will bring down Government after Government, not individually to blame, but the inheritors of blunders caused by lack of a plan, at the start.

Houses from Herbert

I would choose, as Minister of Housing, Herbert Morrison, whatever Government was elected. He does not fear unpopularity. Having made up his mind, he sticks to it.

He is one of the greatest administrators England has ever produced. More, his control over London has given him a great knowledge of town planning, housing, slum clearance and building. Were he Minister of Housing, he would start with a well-thought-out scheme, and then get on with the job, defying the opposition that would come from all the vested interests.

Then facing us is the chaos in Europe, where, for years, whatever San Francisco decides, there will be grave disputes in which we shall continually be involved. It seems, unless great wisdom prevails, that the Continent will be cut into two halves, one under all-dominant Russian influence, and with the western countries turning to us for guidance, and even direction.

Knowing this, I would say that, of all men, Anthony Eden is the best suited for the Foreign Office. His honesty of purpose is proved by the fact that he—yes, and Lord Cranborne, his junior—resigned office rather than placate Mussolini at the behest of Neville Chamberlain.

Eden is personally popular, not only in Washington, but in Moscow—and at home. If only he had the ruthlessness necessary for the reform of our diplomatic system. . . .

Whenever anyone mentions a Ministry of Social Security, there is, of course, only one man who stands out. That is Sir William Beveridge, the world's expert on all matters involving social insurance, allowances and provision for old age.

The glamour of his name is such that, although he entered Parliament for the first time well in his middle 60's, he has been chosen to lead the Liberals in their election fight.

Lord Wavell Gives In

As for India, I would have said until the last few days that Lord Wavell, if made Secretary of State, would display that measure of wide statesmanship so vitally necessary for the period which must precede the granting of self-government.

Unfortunately, his visit to London was a failure. He gave in to Churchill over the release of the political prisoners still in gaol. He came here, it is declared, with a plan for ending the deadlock. But Whitehall won him over. He will go back, to do little but wear the viceregal robes.

So there remains only Sir Stafford Cripps, who knows intimately the leaders of India as well as its problems. Cripps has developed and broadened greatly during the last few months. He is growing up, politically. He would, of all men, take on an independent line, and stick to it.

Although Britain wants much more coal, it is getting less and less coal.

The owners have brought forward one scheme, the men have produced a second, and a committee of skilled technicians have prepared a third. But nothing is done about any of them.

Coal already is nationalised, but the mines are not—and nothing will be done to bring about a better condition in the industry until the whole of it is taken over by the Government and run, not for profit, but the benefit of the community.

The Man for Coal

Now who is to do this? The one outstanding personality is Emanuel Shinwell, that ruthless critic in the Commons, that dynamic figure on the platform.

When, in 1931, Ramsay MacDonald formed his National Government with Jim Thomas and Philip Snowden, he asked only two other Ministers to join him—Morrison, who was Minister of Transport, and Shinwell, who was Secretary of the Mines Department. Both refused, Shinwell telling Ramsay to go to the devil no fewer than three times.

If only because he represents Seaham, a mining constituency, Shinwell has been kept in close touch with coal ever since he won the seat from Ramsay. He has the right forcefulness of character and the necessary indifference to abuse. One other vital problem confronts any future Government—that of Transport. At present, it is a confusion which must be changed into a planned system unifying railways, road transport, and coastal steamers—all the means, indeed, by which goods and people are carried about. At present, the different means of transport work against each other, causing great waste of money and preventing a cheapening of transit.

Our railway system is woefully old-fashioned. Almost every terminus in the country is half a century behind, say, the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania stations in New York.

Yet, under the present system, there is no money with which to bring them up to date. Our railway lines need more electrification. Because of the war, countless tons of rolling stock will have to be renewed, and generally the railway companies have not the finances with which to start on the job.

Food Expert Number One

Here is a task for Ernest Bevin. He understands transport because he has always been in it. He, too, is ruthless and determined. He, too, defies opposition. Moreover, his outstanding success in the Ministry of Labour has been won by ceaseless work.

Then, despite the good work done, within the limits allowed him, by R. S. Hudson, the Minister for Agriculture, who started off with the good will of the farmers, and has not lost it, I would move him on to another job and replace him by Sir John Orr, an Independent. It is not realised by a public which knows Sir John as the world's authority on malnutrition that he is an agricultural scientist of the highest repute.

Our farming methods require modernising, and this Sir John knows.

We see, at the great agricultural shows, marvellous displays of fruit and vegetables, so large sometimes that they remind us of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Although our seed-growing firms are probably the most efficient in the world, it is deplorable to see the difference between the products displayed at shows and grown by seed firms, and the fruit and vegetables we see on the stalls and in the shops.

The products of our farms could be increased immeasurably, were what is known to the scientist known to the farmers. And, of all the men in the country, I would name Sir John Orr as the man to link the farm with the laboratory and the testing-gardens.

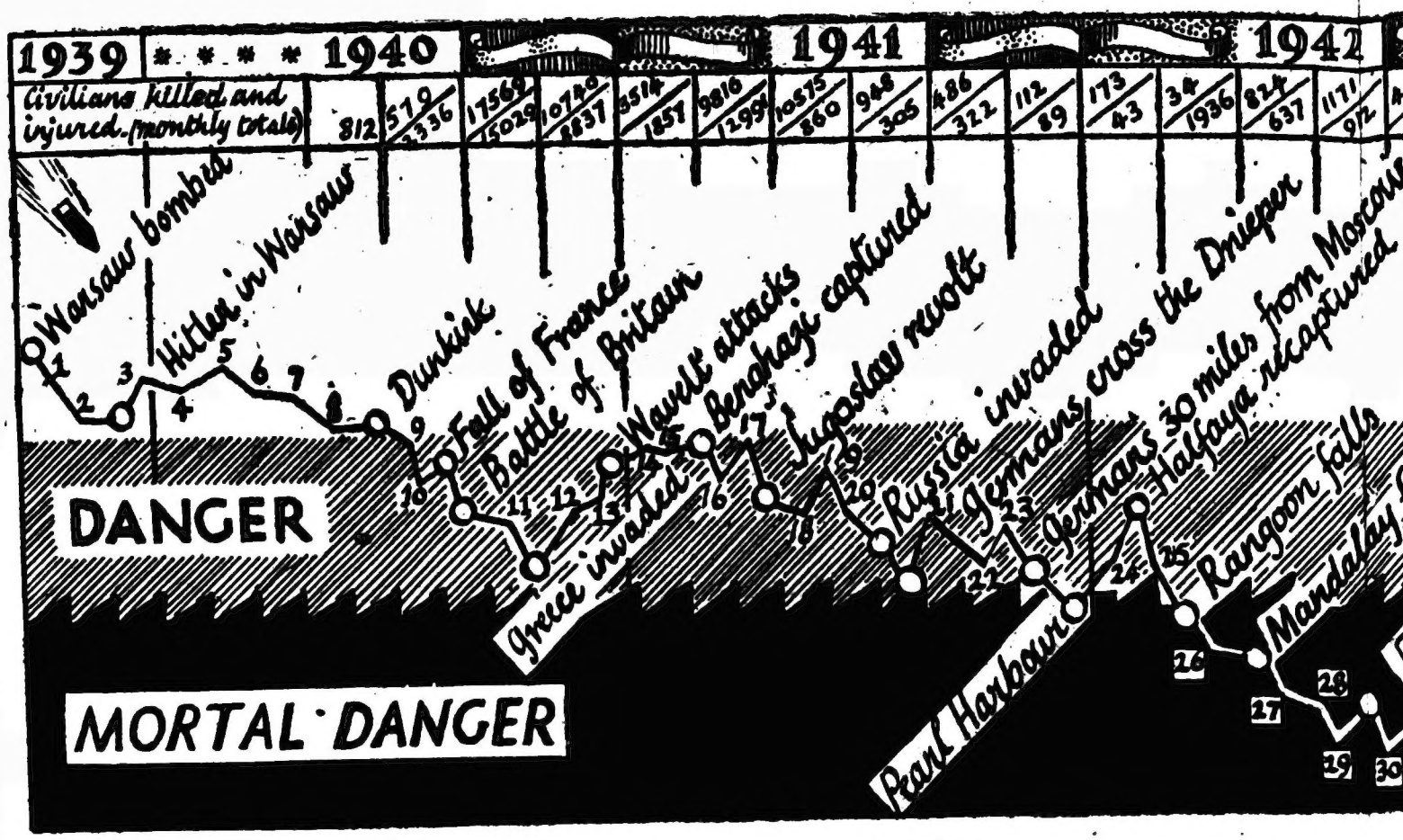
If we are not to become poor after the war, we must grow every ounce of food we possibly can. For, after coal in importance, comes agriculture.

1939.
1. Britain and France at war with Germany.
2. Warsaw falls.
3. *Graf Spee* engaged off Montevideo.

1940.
4. Rationing starts.
5. 299 *Altmark* prisoners rescued.
6. Norway and Denmark invaded.
7. Income tax 7s. 6d.
8. Holland and Belgium invaded.
9. Churchill says, "We will never surrender."
10. Income tax 8s. 6d.
11. Italians cross Egyptian frontier.
12. Roosevelt third time President.
13. R.A.F. smashes Taranto fleet.

1941.
14. Wavell takes Bardia.
15. Wavell takes Derna.
16. Bulgaria joins Axis.
17. British Somaliland recaptured.
18. Axis retakes Benghazi.
19. Addis Ababa liberated.
20. Axis retakes Sollum.
21. Syrian armistice.
22. Kiev falls.
23. Gondar surrenders.

1942.
24. Auchinleck retakes Bardia.
25. Singapore falls.
26. Japanese bomb Colombo.
27. Germans take Kerch.



Last time the Americans claimed the credit. The Germans asserted that their army had not been defeated. This time there cannot be any doubt about

WHO WON THE WAR

by

VICTORY HAS COME and much of the world is free. Gangsterism lies an obscene corpse over the Europe it has desolated, and the crooked cross no longer insults the sun.

In this hour of triumph and thanksgiving it is fitting that, before turning to the task of resurrection that lies before us, we should pause and ask how this great mercy has come about. To what and to whom do we owe our deliverance?

We think, first, proudly and sorrowfully, of those millions of dead and stricken—British, Russian, American, Poles, Dutch, Serbs, French and the rest—who died that liberty might live.

They were the human instrument of victory. To them, eternal honour and undying gratitude. All the earth is their sepulchre and their memorial.

They were the vehicle of something greater than themselves. For the cause for which they died was the cause of man's unconquerable mind against the spirit of evil in the world. And we should be blind to the spiritual realities that govern life if we did not see in their triumph the presence of an unseen power that makes for righteousness.

Allies' Fine Strategy

Next in the factors of victory has been the astonishing superiority of the Allies in the strategy of war. It would be no extravagance to say that we won through the blunders of the enemy.

By treachery and secrecy they got away with such a flying start that the world seemed won by them before it could seize its sword and collect itself for the struggle.

In the summer of 1940 it was all Lombard Street to a China orange that Hitler's lightning war had succeeded. Even the miracle of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain were regarded by the world only as a heroic prelude to our imminent defeat.

But, thenceforward, though slowly at first, the tide turned. It turned because of the far-sighted wisdom on the one side and the incredible follies on the other. We fought for time, and Hitler gave us time. Once deprived of his flying start, his "intuitions" led him into a succession of gigantic blunders unparalleled in the history of war.

He brought the two mightiest Powers in the outside world to our side. Heedless of the fate of Napoleon—indeed, seeking to prove that he was a greater than Napoleon—he sent the cream of his armies to their doom in the steppes of Russia.

Hitler's Blunders

He scattered his resources. He refused to yield territory he could not hold. He murdered or dismissed the generals who dared to doubt his divinely inspired "intuitions." He pinned his faith now to this fetish, now to that.

And all the time the balance of power was changing inexorably. He had lost the war two years ago, but his insane vanity would not accept the fact.

If he could not defeat the enemy, he would destroy Europe. If Germany could not win he would consign her to destruction. Her cities should be razed to the ground. Her people should perish by the million.

If his Third Reich could not live for "a thousand years," as he had boasted it would, it should be devastated beyond recovery in a thousand years. In a word, he was a madman at bay.

But he was a madman with a mighty engine at his command. Great as his mistakes were, Germany would not have been defeated if she had not been opposed by a strategy incomparably superior to her own, and by an alliance whose loyalty to the common cause has never been surpassed.

This is not the place to discuss the Allied strategy of the war. It is enough to say that, seen as a whole, it has been a masterpiece of vision and design which outsoars anything in the annals of war.

In the enormous variety of its aspects, in the vastness of its contours, in the mingled spaciousness and intricacy of its parts, it transcends all parallel. It will be the overshadowing theme of military schools to the end of time.

In the execution of this strategy and in bringing it to victory, three Powers have been mainly concerned. In considering the parts they played, the question, "Who won the war?" does not arise. It does not arise because the Alliance worked with such perfect team spirit as no war-like alliance has ever worked before.

Napoleon had no doubt who defeated him a century and more ago, because Britain was the one constant foe in an ever-changing front. Russia, Austria, Prussia were now against him, now with him. But Britain was always steadfast, and eventually wore him down.

In this war nothing has been more fatal or more surprising to the enemy than the indestructible unity and loyalty of the coalition.

From first to last they have thrown everything into the pool, and none has ever wavered by a hair's breadth. For two years Hitler has kept a lost war going on the strength of the one hope that he would be able to crack the alliance.

The Coalition Rock

But the more he strove to break them asunder the stronger became the bonds that bound them together. No single country won the war. The Alliance was the rock on which the Axis went to pieces.

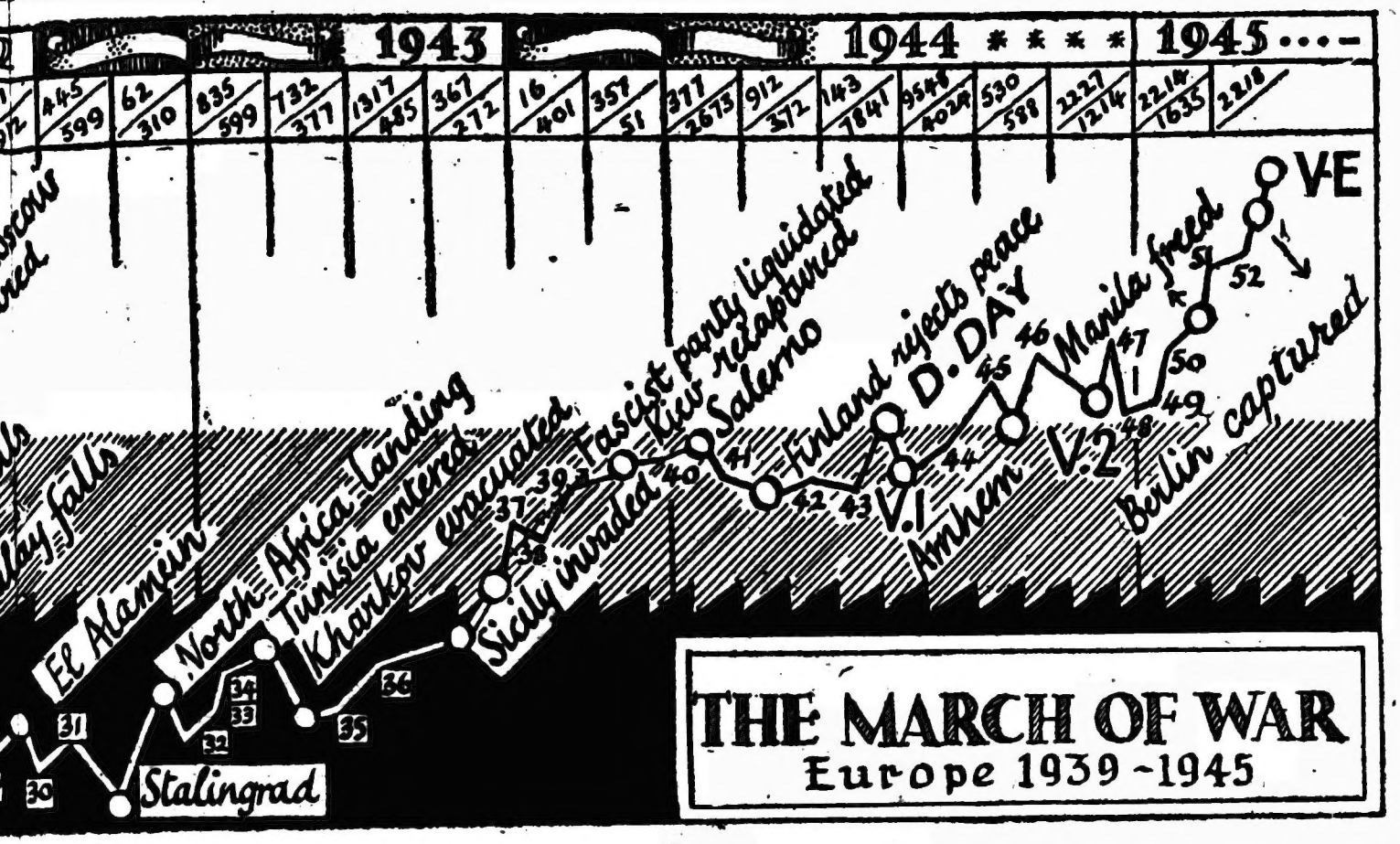
The contribution of each country was distinct and decisive and helped to shape the complete instrument of victory.

To Britain belongs the glory of having withstood the full force of the tempest alone for one tremendous year. In the Battle of Britain we showed that all was not lost and gave the world the first hint that the mad beast was vulnerable.

Alone during that year we kept the seas of the world, liberated Abyssinia, snatched Syria, Irak and Persia from the toils of the Axis, and in our forges and factories built up the mighty engine of war that was to blast our way to victory. What we have done since that dark year, on land, in the air, on the sea needs no comment.

The contribution of Russia has been the destruction of the armed might of the enemy. In a very real sense Germany's doom was sealed before the gates of Moscow in the winter of '41-2.

Had Hitler heeded the warning and with-



1942—*continued*

28. Japanese attempt Sydney Harbour submarine raid.
29. Rommel 50 miles into Egypt.
30. Maikop and Krasnodar fall.
31. Germans withdraw in Egypt.
32. Second Stalingrad offensive.
33. Russians advance 100 miles in Donetz area.

1943.

34. Tripoli falls to Eighth Army.
35. Mareth Line smashed.
36. Victorious end of N. African campaign.
37. Taganrog recaptured by Russians.
38. Germans occupy Rome.
39. Russians cross the Dnieper.
40. *Scharnhorst* sunk.

1944.

41. Anzio beach-head crisis.
42. Odessa retaken by Russians.
43. Massacre of Allied Air Officers.
44. Caen taken by Allies.
45. Paris liberated.
46. Athens liberated.
47. Mulhouse taken by Allies.
48. Rundstedt's offensive.

1945.

49. Warsaw liberated.
50. Ardennes "bulge" cleared.
51. Cologne taken by Allies.
52. Allies cross the Rhine.

A. G. GARDINER

drawn he would have saved his army and perhaps the war. But he did not heed it. He plunged deeper into the Russian bog and a year later Stalingrad, coinciding with El Alamein, announced to the world that Germany's ultimate overthrow was certain.

No country in the Alliance has paid so heavy a price in blood as Russia has done. None has a greater share in the victory.

Finally, the achievements of America have surpassed all expectation. Throughout the war she has been the Arsenal of Democracy. Without her gigantic power and production neither we nor Russia could have equipped our forces with such irresistible might.

And her military power has been no less astounding. She has fought the Pacific war with one hand and the European war with the other. And she has fought both with an uncalculating passion that leaves civilisation eternally in her debt.

There remains the great Triumvirate—Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin. Here again we shall not ask "Who won the war?" They won it as a team.

Three Great Men

And what a team! Was it chance only that threw up such a trinity of greatness to save the world in its direst need?

If we think first of Roosevelt it is because that radiant soul has been called from us in the hour of victory. Would that he could "rise up and hear the bells." But let us resolve that his great spirit shall be with us and inspire us in the no less anxious tasks ahead.

Of Mr. Churchill it is enough to recall those immortal days in 1940 when he led the nation out of its despair with a greatness of heart and a dauntless courage that will be a deathless legend for all time. And Stalin, the man of steel, whose iron will has built the new Russia and made it one of the pillars of a new and better world.

These are the forces that have given us the Victory. Let us acclaim them in our rejoicings.

They have won us the War. Now the same unity, vision and greatness of mind must win us the Peace.

The Mikado

How Long for JAPAN?

Now for the second half of the world war! Prospects of the Far Eastern campaign are assessed here by WILLI FRISCHAUER

THE SIGNAL HAS GONE UP! The order has been issued to carry the war into Japan at full swing and in a minimum of time.

But look at the map. See the distances involved. Consider the difficulties of climate, transport, the conversion from West to East, and a hundred other factors which can mature only with the passage of time.

A Naval Occasion

Then you will understand why it is the considered opinion of many that we cannot expect complete conquest of the Japanese homeland—far less of Japanese-held territory in China—before this year and next are out.

Others plump for complete victory in 1945. Sailors are their chief critics—and it is the Navy which will inevitably bear the brunt of the British contribution to the defeat of Japan.

The aircraft carrier dominates this scene, and the British shipyards have been turning them out in ever-increasing numbers.

After transport ships—among them the liners *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*—had accomplished spectacular feats in conveying thousands of troops to the Far East, it was the aircraft carriers which took the battle right into the home waters of Japan.

Naval pilots learned in the campaign in Europe how Navy and Air Force can be moulded into one to speed the enemy's defeat. For the British Air Force has, of course, a vital part to play in the Far East. The American Super-Fortresses have carried the war into the Japanese mainland. Now it is the turn of the R.A.F.

Thousands of miles of ocean and jungle still separate us from Tokyo

What is needed in the air is bigger aircraft, wider ranges, heavier bomb-loads. Our ten-ton bomb is ready to produce a few surprises for Japan such as not even the Super-Fortresses could imitate.

So far American landings have reached points only some 800 miles from Japan. But these are precarious air depots, established in a hurry, and hampered by the difficulties of supply from American bases 3,000 miles away.

What will really count in actions contemplated by R.A.F. chiefs is the eventual availability of Russian bases at Vladivostok and other Far Eastern outposts. From there British bombers can surge forth to saturate Japan with bombs as Germany was saturated.

Once the Navy is sailing towards Japan and the R.A.F. is aiming at the same target, the days of the Army will arrive.

Let no one under-estimate what the Army has already done in the Far East.

Our men have recovered their spirits and their striking power, and have carried the war into Japan-occupied territory without hesitation. Our soldiers have taken "The Road to Mandalay" and wasted little time in advancing to the complete conquest of Rangoon and all Burma.

A jungle victory in which a few hundred Japanese were eliminated has sometimes ranked equal in importance with a European advance of many miles involving thousands of men.

Now the time has come when the war in the Far East will emulate the European campaign not only in heroism but also in numbers. Our armies are poised in India for the offensive. As men are freed from the European theatre of operations, the Navy will move them East.

The Right Leaders

The change-over from West to East means different, more arduous training. It means higher physical standards even than those required by the British armies in Europe. It means familiarity with new weapons to conquer new conditions on the distant battlefields.

It involves fundamental changes in military thinking, in strategy, in production, in the complicated science of supplies, even—yes, in human nature.

But—let it be clear—it does not demand more from our generals than they are capable of giving.

Mountbatten, Auchinleck, Slim—are well skilled in the task of beating the Japanese.

JOHN BULL Short Story

The Way Back

Out of the Army, Harry Reed starts his first job. How will it work out? Here is his problem, handled with deep human insight

by

ZACHARY GOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

"MR. BENSON?" The older man looked up. He was fresh and clean-looking, almost antiseptic, behind the shiny top of his mahogany desk—a man of about fifty, growing bald, with neat strings of greyish hair thinly crossing his scalp.

"I was told to report to you," the other said, and handed Mr. Benson a pink card. Mr. Benson read it through—then rose smiling.

"Ah, yes. You're Harry Reed," he said. "They told me you were coming. I'm glad to see you. I'll show you your desk."

"Thank you," young Reed said.

They started walking down the floor of the long room, past the big windows where the sun was already streaming in. It was going to be another hot day, and a small boy of fourteen or so was opening them one after another.

It was the fourth floor of a large warehouse building, and the view looked out over a jumble of black roofs broken by straight lines that, four storeys below, were streets. Beyond was a swirl of dirty water, and a row of wharves.

Mr. Benson said: "It may seem a little strange at first. The work, I mean. But you'll soon get the hang of it. Just ask me if you want any help."

"That's very good of you," Reed said.

"Not at all. That's the least——" Mr. Benson stopped abruptly and frowned a little; then he said briskly: "You'll get the hang of it in no time."

"I'll do my best," Reed said.

They reached a desk in one corner of the room just in front of a window. A slight breeze rustled through a pile of papers in a wire basket. Behind the desk a double row of files stretched from the wall to the door.

"This is your desk," Mr. Benson said. He reached into the basket and pulled out a pile of papers. "You'll be getting these invoices throughout the day. They show the deliveries that have to be made, which van they're to go on, and the date.

"You have to sort out all invoices made out for the same van on the same date, collect them together and clip them. Then put them in the Out tray. They'll be taken down to delivery."

"Yes, I see," Reed said.

"WE'RE STILL TRYING to cut down the number of trips so as to save petrol. It's a question of supply. You might call ——" Mr. Benson smiled faintly—"you might call it civilian tactics."

Young Reed said nothing.

"I didn't mean to be funny," Mr. Benson said worriedly. "I know there's no comparison. We're delivering powder-puffs and imitation jewelry and other nonsense. People could do just as well without it, I suppose. But things keep going somehow. You can't just stop everything because ——" He paused abruptly.

Reed said: "Yes, I see what you mean."

"I ought to know better," Mr. Benson said angrily. "I was in it last time."

"Were you?" Reed said.

"Forty men, eight horses," Mr. Benson said. "I was there. And I've a son in it now, Burma. At least I think he's in Burma. We haven't heard for a while, but that happened once before and it was only the post." He added swiftly after a moment: "You don't think that means anything, do you?"

"I shouldn't worry," Reed said.

"No, of course not. You hear bad news fast enough, don't you? If he was wounded ——" Then he looked at young Reed again, almost hopelessly, and said: "Damn!"

"That's all right," Reed said.

"No it isn't," Mr. Benson said vehemently. "If I say the wrong thing, you tell me."

"It's getting late," Reed said gently. "I'd better get to work, hadn't I?"

Mr. Benson straightened at the desk. "I'm sorry," he said in a tired voice. "I know what it's like. Or perhaps I don't any more.

HE TOUCHED THE PILE of invoices lying in the basket: "You understand the idea. After you get the invoices clipped together, you stamp the top one, and initial it to show you've checked them over. And then you put it in the Out tray."

"That's all?" Reed said.

"That's all."

"That's the whole job?"

"That's it."

For a moment neither of them spoke. Mr. Benson had a sharp, uneasy moment of doubt, and he wished that he could somehow say something more. He fished in his mind for details that he might add to the routine, but actually that was the job and that was all there was to it.

"Wonders will never cease—that's the first time you've noticed my new curtains right away"

He looked down at Reed, and suddenly he realised how incredibly young he really was; soldier, hero, veteran. Benson thought of his own son, and he remembered, looking at Reed, that a month ago, somewhere in Burma, the boy had had his 21st birthday.

"This is my first job," young Reed said. "It's funny, I suppose, I never had a job before. I went straight from school into the Army."

"Look," Benson said, "I got in here after the last mess, but I was out of work for months before I landed any job at all. I had four years in France and when I came back all the best jobs were gone. I was pretty fed up about that for a long time. I know how it is. They say they're going to do things better this time. You fellows aren't having any trouble about jobs?"

"No. Not much."

"You can get on here if you want to," Mr. Benson said. "It's a good firm."

IT WAS BEGINNING TO GET warmer outside. A shaft of sunlight came through the window and fell on the middle of the desk, catching one corner of the wire basket, and glinting from the polished surface of the stapling machine. Young Reed sat down and unbuttoned his coat.

"You were in Africa," Mr. Benson asked.

"No, Normandy."

"Gunner?"

"Commandos."

"What was it like? Pretty tough?"

"Yes," Reed said

"Funny," Mr. Benson said. "The papers made out the resistance was weak. But that's not what you hear from the boys who went through it."

"No," Reed said.

"When did you go in?" Mr. Benson said.

"D-Day."

There was a small, steady breeze coming through the open window. Out in the harbour a tug was nosing through the oily water. The smoke arched up and blew towards them over the wharves.

The cloud of smoke reminded Mr. Benson of a newsreel he had once seen of the Normandy landings. Columns of smoke hung over the beaches, and in the foreground bodies in uniform were lying face downwards in the water, swinging gently and lifelessly with the tide.

The pocket book lay open on the floor, with the papers spilling out of it

AT THE DESK, young Reed rose and took his coat off. He threw it casually over the back of the chair, and as it swung his pocket book fell out of the inside pocket. Mr. Benson stooped to pick it up.

The pocket book lay open on the floor, with the papers spilling out of it. On the top was a newspaper cutting with a picture of a soldier, on crutches and underneath the caption: Sgt. Harold Reed, D.C.M.

Mr. Benson collected the papers, folded them back inside the pocket book and laid it on the desk in the sunshine, beside the wire basket, the pencil, the stapler and the rubber stamp.

"Thanks," young Reed said. He turned to the desk. "Clip them together and stamp them. Is that it?"

"That's it," Mr. Benson said.

What does he want from me? he thought helplessly. It's his first job, isn't it?

Another tug was coming into view in the harbour. Mr. Benson watched it clear the stern of a cargo boat and swing out into the stream.

"A lot of ships in the harbour today," Mr. Benson said. He paused. He thought briefly of the cutting in Reed's pocket book. And then just before he turned to go he said a little stubbornly: "It's a nice view. You'll get used to it."

THE MUELLERS WATCH OUR TANKS GO BY

As you read this quietly gripping story, which follows one ordinary German family through the twelve years of Nazi rule, ask yourself the question: What would the Millers have done?

by GERALD CLARK

HERR GUSTAV MUELLER and his wife Elise stood on the street corner and watched the Allied tanks go by.

They watched in silence. You could only guess what was in their minds. Relief, of course, because the bombing had stopped and the physical numbness had left them; but mentally they were stunned. Until the very last minute they had never believed that they would be conquered.

Osnabrueck is halfway between Cologne and Hamburg, a typical German city. The Muellers are typical Germans.

In the last war Herr Mueller served for four years as a stretcher-bearer. When the end came he found his home town physically undamaged, but spiritually dead. There was no work, only endless queues at the soup kitchens and closed doors at the industrial plants.

The Muellers had a hard time during the inflation, and there was little enough hope in the ten years that followed.

Odd jobs and relief kept the family alive. Herr Mueller heard vaguely of a man called Hitler, who promised work and power, and a glorious future for all Germans. He was uncertain about this new prophet, but some of his friends said, "Adolf Hitler is a genius. He is the only leader for Germany."

The Nazis grew from an obscure group to a powerful Party. They wore uniforms. They marched proudly in the streets. In 1933, Herr Mueller himself did not vote; he did not feel well that day and stayed in bed. Next morning he learned the Nazis were in power.

For another year Herr Mueller was still unemployed. Some men were getting jobs building airfields and new factories, and he was told that if he joined the Party (there was only one now) it might not be so hard for him to find work. He became a Nazi. Within three weeks he had a job as a truck driver for a construction firm.

"To-morrow the World"

There were some things rather troubling, perhaps. The Muellers never quite liked the persecution of the Jews. But they thought it best to shut their eyes to unpleasant things.

As Herr Mueller explained it: "There was nothing I could do when I saw what was going on. A neighbour of mine sheltered a Jew, and was sent to a concentration camp. I was afraid, if I spoke my mind, the same thing might happen to me."

Meanwhile, he had a job, and even with rationing and high taxes he was better off than in the days of unemployment. Besides, Germany was growing strong.

There was a real German army again. The Rhineland was reoccupied. The Saar returned to the Reich. Austria was incorporated in a "Greater Germany." Czechoslovakia was taken over. Next it would be Danzig and the Polish Corridor.

So when September came in 1939 Herr Mueller had no doubt at all that Hitler was in the right. Germany had been forced into war by enemies who wanted to destroy her. But Germany was strong. Germany would crush her enemies once for all.

The Muellers' son, Hugo, was nineteen when he was called up for the army. He had been in the Hitler Jugend, and had pledged himself to die for the Fuehrer if necessary. Frau Mueller was not always sure that she approved. "I did not bring my son up to be a soldier," she says. "But what could I do?"

British commandos entered Osnabrueck at dawn. After the tanks came loudspeaker vans to broadcast orders to the townspeople. The Muellers stood numbly on the pavements to listen.

Hugo survived the campaign in France, and when victory came in 1940 Frau and Herr Mueller joined with their neighbours in celebrating. There was little to stop them. Almost any day now German troops would be marching through the streets of London and the great days would begin.

When the bombing of Britain started in earnest and the wireless gave vivid descriptions of the utter destruction of London, Frau Mueller said to her husband: "It is terrible what is happening to the women and children of England."

"It is war," said Herr Mueller. "It cannot be helped."

The air attacks on Britain failed, and the Muellers awoke one Sunday morning in June to learn that Germany was now at war with Russia. "Our greatest menace is Bolshevism," said the wireless—"the enemy of all culture and all civilisation. We must wipe it off the earth."

Even to-day Herr Mueller is afraid of the Russians. "Don't the British and Americans realise," he says, "that when we went to war with the Soviet Union we were trying to save them from Bolshevism as much as ourselves?"

Now came Pearl Harbour. With the Japanese, a sea power, to help him, the Fuehrer must be invincible. The Kaiser had called them the "Yellow Peril," of course, but if Hitler said they were "honorary Aryans" it must be so.

There was America, though, a powerful new enemy?

"It is all right," said Herr Mueller, "the Fuehrer knows what he is doing. We will have won before the Yanks are here."

Hugo was sent to the Russian front. He was wounded, he spent ten months in hospital, he returned to his unit. One German success in the East succeeded another. But just when final victory seemed once more in sight the Russians suddenly stiffened. A whole German army was surrounded at Stalingrad. Advance became retreat.

When the slave labourers began to arrive in Osnabrueck the Muellers were not too enthusiastic. They did not like all these foreigners among them.

"But," says Herr Mueller, "with so many of our own men gone, what could we do? We had to use foreigners in our factories." He himself went on driving his truck.

He earned 140 marks a month, of which 50 were deducted for income tax. His four-roomed cottage cost 37 marks a month; electricity, gas and water another seven marks. That left only 46 for food, clothes and incidental expenses—which was not enough. German womenfolk were not yet conscripted nearly so severely as the British women. But now, under economic pressure, his eighteen-year-old daughter, Martha, left school and took a job as a typist in a Messerschmitt factory.

Raids and Short Rations

In 1942 the clothes ration had ceased. Dresses, suits, underwear were unobtainable in the shops. You could still get shoes if you could prove that your old pair were completely worn out.

At Christmas the women were allowed two pairs of rayon stockings. A boy friend sent Martha silk stockings and dresses from Paris. They were probably looted, but the Muellers asked no questions.

Herr Mueller used to spend his evenings in the *Lokal* drinking beer. But the beer got steadily weaker till it was nothing but water and flavouring. Cigarettes were cut to two a day.

Then the R.A.F. came and the bombing of Osnabrueck began. At first the Muellers went to their cellar. Later, Polish and Ukrainian workers were mobilised to dig deep communal shelters and the Muellers moved in there.

After every air raid the water, gas and electricity were cut off for a week at a stretch. Frau Mueller had to cook as best she could on a small wood-burning stove and carry all the water in buckets from a tank at the street corner.

The Muellers' house was bombed. They found another, and it, too, was bombed. They stayed for a while with friends and then managed to get a small three-room flat. But their rent was now 55 marks a month instead of 37.

The meat ration went down and down. By 1944 they were getting only half a pound a week each, which all went on Sunday dinner. The rest of the week they lived on bread, potatoes, vegetables, soup, occasionally a little sausage. But the authorities usually managed to provide something after each air raid—an ounce or two of meat, a little coffee, or some sweets for the children.

The Allies Came

On March 8, 1944, the sirens wailed and Martha ran for the shelter. She did not reach it. A bomb landed fifty yards away and she was buried under the rubble of a stone wall.

Frau Mueller became hysterical. "It is all Hitler's fault," she screamed. "It is all Hitler's fault!" Herr Mueller hurried her away and made her keep quiet. It was just three days before Martha's twentieth birthday.

D-Day came. The Atlantic Wall crumbled. Yet even when the Allies crossed the Rhine Herr Mueller did not give up hope. "The Fuehrer would not allow the war to go on," he said, "if he did not have some plan to defeat our enemies. The British and Americans have got into Germany, but they will be trapped and destroyed. They will never come as far as Osnabrueck."

On April 4 there was a heavy air raid, and the Muellers went down to the shelter. The next day, Thursday, there was shooting in the streets, and they stayed under cover. On Friday morning they came up. Khaki uniforms were everywhere. Tanks poured through the town—guns, lorries, flame-throwers. From the opposite direction came truckloads of German prisoners.

For the first time Herr Mueller knew that Germany was defeated.

A notice appeared on the walls. It told the German people that they had been conquered, and from now on they would have to obey the rules laid down by the Allies.

Herr Mueller stared at the notice. He stared at the Allied troops, the Allied tanks, the Allied guns. He said nothing. But there was no doubt in his mind. He would obey.

To-day he cannot think about the future. All he knows is that he trusted Hitler. He did not argue. He believed that the Fuehrer would lead Germany to victory, and make the Germans the greatest people in the world. And the Fuehrer let him down.

Now it is Spring in Osnabrueck, and throughout the desolation of Germany the sun shines and the birds sing. Herr Mueller does not hear them.

His son was on the Eastern Front and has not yet returned. He does not know where he is. His daughter's body lies under a heap of rubble that has not yet been cleared. He and his wife have nothing to look forward to.

They are a conquered people.

WHILE RETURNING TO MY SHIP after a week-end leave I was sitting next to my fiancée in a crowded 'bus when a woman in apparently good health said to me: "As the wife of a naval officer, may I have your seat?"

On that ride I was spending what may well be the last few minutes with my girl until the fight for democracy is over. — JACK D. EVANS, L.S., Hope Street, Glasgow.

The B.M.A. Replies

WHY DO YOU ASSUME that the B.M.A. is out to whittle down the Government's proposed national health service? (JOHN BULL, "Open Letters," April 28.) The Association has declared, indeed repeated, its conviction that every man, woman and child should have access to all necessary medical care and treatment. It wants all to have the best.

For our part any departure we seek from the White Paper proposals—the Government's *first* thoughts—is intended to raise rather than lower the standard of national health, and to increase rather than whittle down the opportunities which a national health service can provide for the public and its doctors.

But if by whittling down you mean the whittling down of unnecessary State control and unnecessary interference in the lives of free people and in the work of professional experts who know their job and wish to carry it out in accordance with their own professional standards, then we must plead guilty—and the more whittling down the better.

You have expressed admiration for the selfless members of our profession. Why not trust them as well?—CHARLES HILL, Secretary, British Medical Association, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

Wise, Not Clever?

DO THE MAJORITY of wives long for clever sons? I don't think so, although I notice that Field-Marshal Montgomery's mother, who has nine children, says in her recently published book that "there is always the chance of a bonus in the shape of a clever son."

My belief is that most British mothers prefer a good, home-loving, steady son. In my own circle, the favourite boy was rather quiet, but he kept a good job all his life and everybody liked him. In some cases I know, a brilliant son has been a heavy responsibility.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR, Town and Country Club, Worthing, Sussex.

Stick-in-the-Mud

A FRIEND OF MINE in the Army was offered a stripe the other day because of his efficiency. He refused, saying he had been a private for five years and was happy to remain so. "I don't want the responsibility," he told me, "why should I put myself out? Let the other chaps have the worry."

If this is my friend's Army attitude, what will he be like in Civvy Street? I suggest that he will be one of those who cannot be bothered with plans for a better Britain and who cannot take the trouble to be interested in elections or politics. Let the other fellow tackle those problems will be his attitude.—Pte. N. S., Leeds, 9.

Free Speech

Should We Trust the Doctors?

Let the public buy old Civil Defence stores. Suggestion for trapping bad drivers. When Blood-and-Guts Patton felt sick. Ration problems of a large family. Unfair publicity for a docker

Commercial Broadcasts?

FOR FINANCIAL REASONS, British orchestras (with the sole exception of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra) have to concentrate on the number of performances rather than on their quality. It seems that, failing State subsidies, commercial broadcasting would be a happy solution of an orchestra's peace time problems.

If several large commercial enterprises were to guarantee a yearly stipend for Britain's leading orchestras, giving them a free hand over programme policy in return for a linking of the firms' names with the performances, it would be a magnificent contribution to art as a whole and to British music in particular.—CORPORAL K. COOK, R.A.S.C. (Address supplied.)

Part-Time Furniture

FURNITURE IS SCARCE, bedding is scarcer. Home Guards, Civil Defence workers and part-time firemen have stood down, yet their stores are chock-full of single beds and blankets, and there are chairs and tables by the thousand. I know one place where chairs are stored outside under a tarpaulin.

Why not let the public buy these? Their sale should be handled so that the profiteers could not touch them. And let it be done now, before the stuff rots away.—B. W., Lancashire.

Leasehold Law

I HAVE BEEN PLEASED to read your article on the injustices of the leasehold laws (JOHN BULL, April 14). My committee has not met since the article appeared, but I wish to convey my appreciation of the splendid case you have made out, not only for us but for all leaseholders.

The suggestions which you make for reforms should be most helpful in promoting further inquiry and co-operation.—NATHANIEL MAINS, Secretary, Stonehouse Leaseholders' and Citizens' Improvement Association, 16, Argyle Street, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire.

Bad Driving Record

HAVING BEEN A DRIVER for twenty-three years I would like to make a suggestion which, I think, would help to reduce accidents. Driving licences should be made slightly larger with extra pages. These pages should be used to record all accidents in which the driver is involved and the amount of blame assessed to him by a responsible authority. This record should be considered whenever the licence is renewed.

A bad record should then bring a warning; a really bad one should mean three or four months' suspension. In cases where there is no improvement the man should be suspended for life.—W. E. GWATKIN, 59, Ridgeway West, Sidcup, Kent.

Tough General Patton

A FLEET STREET war correspondent whom I met on holiday last week finally swept away any doubts I might have had about the German atrocities. In our conversations he filled in details which no newspaper could ever print. It was a horrible, ghastly tale he told.

His most interesting point: General Patton, toughest of the American generals, could not bear to look at the sights in the concentration camps. When he had to go round with his officers or with important visitors he always turned away. Otherwise he would have been sick.—JAMES RAWLINSON, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

Viewpoints on Victory

I PROPOSE TO GET as tight as a lord on Victory Day. Whitehall wet-blankets, religious maniacs, cautious employers and unhelpful publicans will not stand in my way. My plans are made, my humble stocks are stowed in a safe place. I have worked hard throughout this war and I'm going to play hard when the time comes. No amount of "moral" propaganda will change my mind. Cheerio!—T. S. T., James Street, W.1.

SURELY WE CAN celebrate victory and be happy and thankful without resorting to a drunken orgy. To fly to drink is a revolting, disgusting disgrace to any Christian, civilised and sane people.—C. E. B., East Grinstead, Sussex.

Dreamers Wanted

LATELY I READ an article on psychology which said that day-dreaming and the habit of building castles in the air is a form of romanticism which should be left behind in childhood. I don't agree with this theory.

If we can hold down a steady job, support ourselves and accomplish some of the things we set out to do, surely it's to our credit if we can sit back sometimes and dream. There's too much realism in the world to-day and too few people left who can still wonder.—E. CLARKE, 265, Witton Lodge Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Ration Beggars

OUR FAMILY IS A BIG ONE—six girls and two boys. To have ten in a family seems to amuse a lot of people. Before the war we were often sneered at, but lately, when rationing has begun to pinch small families, we have had to put up with another sort of persecution.

People seem to think it reasonable to ask (almost to demand) rations and clothing coupons. They assume we have more than we need. I would share my last crust with anyone in real need, but I will not have people who come snivelling about their hardship and expect help with *our* rations.—W. OWEN, Kent.

New Boxing Hope

I WAS EXTREMELY interested to see your comments on Bruce Woodcock under the heading "New Boxing Hope" (JOHN BULL, April 7). To Bruce's thousands of followers I would like to say that he is willing and anxious to get fights, but it is very difficult to arrange them in these days. So Bruce is keeping up his boxing by teaching and by giving exhibitions for charities and at military depots.—TOM HURST, Manager to Bruce Woodcock, 298, New Bank Street, Manchester.

Hidden Wealth

WHAT A LOT OF FUSS there was about the docker who earned £47 in a week. I have never seen similar headlines when a business man makes £100 before lunch.—JOHN WRIGLEY, 38, Findon Road, Sheffield.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

"Do I hear guineas?"

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Mapping Ahead

PEACE HAD BEEN DECLARED, and a family of Arrows were talking. They were the Arrows that had appeared on all the war maps, making advances and retreats, landings and breakthroughs.

For years they had been overworked. Now they were unemployed and dispirited.

One of the Arrows was large, fat and black, a big blustering fellow who obliterated the maps in the more popular papers. Another was thinner, more elegant, with a refinement that let him hob-nob with generals and lieutenant-colonels in the more expensive papers. A third was a shaded Arrow, ghostly, never knowing whether he would get anywhere or not, but always hoping for the best.

"ANYWAY, MY WAR SERVICE was better than yours," said the Big, Fat Arrow. "I was always ten miles ahead of the front."

"I'm glad to say I took a sober and realistic view," said the Elegant Arrow. "I was always ten miles behind the front."

"I represented promises," said the Shaded Arrow. "I was twenty, thirty, sometimes even a hundred miles ahead of either of you. Though often," he added ruefully, "I found myself back where I started."

"LISTEN, BOYS," said the Big, Fat Arrow. "I've got an idea that will provide peace-time jobs for us. We'll help in the General Election."

"Fine," chorused the others. "Then if our side wins perhaps we can all get good Government jobs.",

"I shall represent Free Enterprise," said the Big, Fat Arrow. "I shall form the spearhead of the attack, and if anybody talks about keeping controls on business I shall drive a wedge into their bulge."

"I shall represent Employment," said the Elegant Arrow. "I shall show how it is better to advance slowly but surely according to a well-planned scheme."

"I think I shall represent housing," said the Shaded Arrow. "I shall advance right through the four million houses that are needed. If later they don't black in my outline—well. . . ."

THE BIG, FAT ARROW chimed in. "I shall form two bridgeheads and make parachute landings to encircle the coal mining districts of Wales and the North, showing them how successful free enterprise has been in running the mines. Pockets of resistance will be quickly mopped up. Then I shall swing round in a gigantic pincer movement into Devon, across Dartmoor. . . ."

"You'd better be careful of Dartmoor," interjected the Elegant Arrow. "You might turn into a Broad Arrow. Some of the others got there by being a bit too free in their enterprise."

"Nonsense," said the Big, Fat Arrow. "They were only small men."

A voice came from an almost unnoticed Line hanging about near the group. "Talking of Dartmoor," the Line said. "I shall form a front for Mr. Somerset de Chair, M.P. He said recently, 'Socialism is theft. To steal from large sections of the community their private property in the name of nationalisation is electoral robbery.' "

The others looked at him. "But don't forget," he added quickly, "I'm only a Deadline."

These Dutch children look happy as they arrive to enjoy Coventry's hospitality extended to many young victims of undefended Rotterdam

Our hospitality to foreign refugees has had greater effects than we know. VICTOR SCHIFF, Paris-born journalist, says:

We're Grateful to Britain

DO THE BRITISH PEOPLE fully realise that they have achieved the most difficult and the most honourable of all conquests—the gain not of foreign lands but of foreign hearts?

This is particularly true of some quarter of a million aliens who came here either just before the war or at the climax of the Nazi triumphs: that summer of 1940 when France, until then the main refuge of freedom and civilisation on the Continent, was overrun by Hitler's hordes.

Many of them landed on these shores for the first time, full of fears and prejudices.

Even those who had been here before on brief visits could hardly be expected to understand some aspects of British life which at first puzzle Americans and Europeans alike.

I am an alien myself. I have moved in many foreign circles during the past five years. And I can testify that the British people have won not only the admiration and gratitude of all their foreign guests, but also the affection of nearly all of them.

That includes many who, for quite a long time, confessed their bias against the British character and way of life.

The way the British people behaved when they stood alone, calm, determined and self-confident against all odds, was bound to enforce admiration upon the most reluctant and critical continentals.

I remember how, during the *blitz* winter of 1940-41, my foreign friends expressed their amazement at the way in which Londoners "took it" in words which would have surprised the Londoners themselves, who found quite natural what observers from outside considered an unparalleled example of courage and devotion.

It was then, in what history will call Britain's Finest Hour, that foreigners learned the true nature of the "ordinary" men and women of Britain, while too often the outside world judges another nation from its fashionable "Society."

But that is only half the story.

Adopting Our Habits

What has impressed aliens here is the deep-rooted respect for individual and political freedom which makes the average Briton react so strongly against any encroachment on his traditional liberties.

So the foreigner has learned to admire, and gradually also to acquire, the British spirit of tolerance. He has learned to understand the British institutions, some of which first seem so strange and out of date to him.

I have noticed among scores of refugees this gradual and subtle process of observing, liking and, finally, adopting many typically British habits. I have been interested and often amused to mark how they were getting rid of their various prejudices.

Many a refugee will go back to his homeland as an apostle of the British way of life.

So far only French and Belgian exiles have returned to their liberated countries. The Dutch, the Norwegians, the Czechs will follow, perhaps also the majority of the Austrians.

But many Poles are afraid of going back to their country under the new conditions there.

They Want to Stay

Many German refugees, both Jews and Gentiles, who, for twelve years, have been longing for the downfall of the Third Reich, are now horrified at the idea of setting foot again in the chaos of ruins and misery that Hitler has left behind him.

Indeed, of the 250,000 people who came to Britain in the last ten years not more than half is likely to leave on its own free will.

The others will create a problem which Britain can be trusted to solve in its traditional way which happily combines the spirit of justice with the defence of national interest.

Britain in the past has always welcomed political and religious refugees: her wool and lace trades were among many that thrived under their influence.

Prussia and Holland derived high benefit from the French Protestants driven out by their King Louis XIV. The United States of America became a great nation largely through the influx of refugees from Poland, Ireland, Germany, Russia and many other countries.

But, whatever the decision, the refugees will always remember British war hospitality with gratitude and admiration.

Blueprint for Health After the German War

Six years of strain have had their effect on us. Here is a way to face the future

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

WE HAVE LIVED six years with taut nerves. Personal danger, insecurity for our homes, frustration of our ambitions, anxiety for loved ones, overlong hours of work, little relaxation—but, most of all, no end in sight, no forseeable date for release, have caused great mental tension.

At first, it seems hard to believe that plans for peace really mean something, that the shooting (in Europe at least) is nearly over.

When we have pinched ourselves to make sure, most of us will thankfully relax, the burden of the years will slip away—goodbye to all that!

Most of us. Not all, of course. For some whose men will be fighting the Japanese for months to come, or whose relations are prisoners in enemy hands, the strain will continue.

Look Ahead

Even for luckier ones, the collapse of Germany may be a mixed blessing. For them, bombed-out, bereaved, strained beyond endurance — many who only kept going because the thing had to be finished—there is no longer an incentive. Tired and hopeless, they may feel sceptical about peace, cynical about everything—they may crack.

Such people don't need tonics. A whip is no good to a tired horse. They need, most, sound sleep. Twenty grains of bromide each night for a week helps a lot. They need to relax and forget.

Music may help some, or a country hike, books or a friendly cup of tea. Vitamins A, B, C and D—perhaps some iron if they are anæmic, can all be got in one pill and taken for a few weeks.

Sun bathing or artificial sunshine helps one's outlook on life, produces a feeling of well-being again.

They must get rid of war suggestions: black-out curtains, shelters, stirrup pumps. All such are invitations to look back instead of forward—and the great thing in getting one's mind straight is to look forward.

Occupy all leisure constructively. Plan for the future and decide to make your plans work out. This is hard when you are alone and in the dumps, much easier when a joint effort is made.

The war brought a great deal of comradeship, not only in the Forces. Civil Defence Workers, Fire Guards, Home Guard, W.V.S., Factory Social Clubs—in many ways people get together to help one another. It is awfully important to keep up the same spirit in peace time.

Quiet, please

Don't let us forget the bombed-out. Not only materially, but psychologically. They—and we—have had more than enough noise.

Don't be noisy. It isn't much trouble to shut doors quietly, to turn off the radio no one is listening to, to talk quietly instead of shrieking. Find something else to talk about besides the war. Most of us have had enough of it.

Most important—for the common good, get together and see what can be done in our own towns and villages. God knows enough wants doing. Don't leave it all to the council.

Get the place smartened up and happy again and give a visible sign that peace is coming and that peace means a lot. Then our strained faces will go, and we shall see happy ones again.

A Link With Home

SHORT OF A PERSONAL LETTER, nothing cheers a man or woman in the Forces, especially overseas, more than a magazine. It is a direct link with home.

May we suggest that, when you have quite finished with this copy of JOHN BULL, you should post it on to a Service relative or friend? The postage for a single copy is 1d., and you can be certain that it will be tremendously appreciated.

Big Thrill No. 1,478!

FRIDAY is First Prize telegram day in *Bullets*. And to "Bulleteer" N. P. Swift (99, Clarence Road, Derby) went First Prize Joy Wire No. 1,472, announcing a £100-plus-Radio reward for his effort, On Victory Day—Drink To World's "Sobriety"!

As many as 1,643 prizes await winners this week—and for one reader there will be a First Prize telegram on Friday, June 1 That big thrill No. 1,478 can be *yours* by using coupon below!

CHEQUES & RADIOS
for "JOHN BULL" READERS

£100 PLUS £25 RADIO 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20 plus RADIO, £10 plus RADIO

10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1

100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Note that owing to Whitsun you have an extra day to win—last day to post coupon below is TUESDAY, May 22.

ROUND VICTORY CORNER
OVER GERMANY
WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN
FOR A THOUSAND YEARS
INTERNATIONAL LAW
NAZI BRUTE
SPEARHEAD OF PROGRESS
A GOOD DAY'S WORK
CLEARLY VISIBLE
UP WENT THE LIGHTS AND
WITH HORROR
PROUDLY DISPLAYED
WHEREVER THEY ARE
MOTHER HOPES
DOWN AND OUT
ALMOST LIKE HOME
WHEN FATHER'S BUSY
GENTLE HINT
TOGETHER
IN THE SEASIDE INVASION

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

LOOKING FOR A.....
HAND OF.....
SURROUNDED BY.....
CAN'T STOP.....
CHAMPION.....
THEY CALL IT....., BUT

BULLETS No. 1,474—FIRST PRIZE £300

V. B. REID,
25, QUEEN'S PARK AVE., EDINBURGH

LAST CHANCE
GRAB *THAT*, SELFISH WORLD!

£20: S. W. Marsh, 2, Watson Place, S. Shields.
In San Francisco—May "*Building*" Doom "*Earthquakes*"!

£10: Mrs. R. Case, "Foreslack" Silecroft, Millom, Cumberland.
Now Dad's The Foreman—Signs Sheets—Soot Shines.

10 of £5:
Sgt. H. R. Barrett, 195, Leach Lane, Sutton, St. Helens.
Ray Of Sunshine—Belsen Shocked Some Germans.
J. Hawker, 73, Albany Road, Bristol.
A Man's Way—*Noticing Hair, In Soup.*
E.R.A. Hewitt, R. J. c/o 175, Hall Green Road, Bell Green, Coventry.
Straight From The Shoulder—Ex-serviceman's Sleeve? Remember "Punches"!
A. Kirby, 25, Stirling Street, Poulton, Wallasey, Cheshire.
The Bookie Prospered And—Bought Racehorses—Lost Everything!
E. F. Lloyd, 24, Westbrook Av., Aldridge.
Now Dad's The Foreman—The Other Workman's Left!
A. Miller, 53, Charfield Road, Bristol.
Straight From The Shoulder—Something *I've Promised Butcher.*
H. E. Pickard, 8, Gordon Street, Keighley.
Suffering — Sonny — Neighbours — Mendelssohn—Piano!
Miss D. V. Walker, c/o Stourton House, Bradninch, Nr. Exeter.
Straight From The Horror—Camps, 'Frisco Needs Representatives.
A. E. Wallis, 42, Holboro' Terrace, Snodland, Kent.
Tide Of Victory — Atlantic—Channel — Rhine—Spree.
E. W. Wallis, 11, Avenue Terrace, York.
Ruined Germany—Getting "Paid Back Double."

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

TWO SHARE £75 IN CROSSWORD 426.
WINNING WORDS: 1. Hearing. 2. Sire. 3. Soil. 4. Ruin. 5. Pride. 6. Funk. 7. Salt. 8. Leal. 9. Ace. 10. Test. 11. Boll. 12. Lip. 13. Boot. 14. Shake.
£75 SHARERS: Pte. G. E. Johnson, c/o Uplands, Norfolk Road, Uxbridge, Middx.: H. Ormiston, 145, Brynhyfryd, Swansea. Each in addition receives 4-lb. Fruit Cake. RUNNERS-UP Awards value £25 shared between 42 entrants.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best **Bullet** received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two **Bullets**, or 1s. to cover four. Two free **Bullets** allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No.1,478, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,478
CLOSING POSTMARK TUESDAY, MAY 22.

For JUNE 2 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

HUSBAND RESENTFUL OF EX-SOLDIER SON

Preparing for post-war career in building. Reader's attempt to adopt two children. He can't stick at a job. Joining the Indian Civil Service

"MY SON WAS WOUNDED and has been discharged from the Army as unfit. He is now living at home, but my husband treats him abominably. If I do anything extra for the boy there is always trouble.

"For instance, yesterday my son went away for the day and I packed up some sandwiches for him. Even that caused a row! But I am getting on in years and cannot stand these constant upsets. My son would like to go back into the Army. Would he lose his disability pension if he went back?"

You seem to have overlooked the fact that, as your son has been discharged as unfit for service, the Army would not take him back. That idea must be dismissed altogether.

Your letter tells me that your son has a good job. I suggest that he should leave home soon and go to live in lodgings. After all, he has his own life to live, and if he is away from home it will prevent, his harbouring a growing bitterness against his father.

It sounds as if your husband suffers from a form of jealousy. Are you sure you are not giving him grounds for this feeling, without realising it, by making too much fuss of your son? If the boy goes to live on his own, your husband will no longer feel resentful. In fact, he will probably adopt quite a new attitude and will welcome your son when he comes to visit you.

"IT SEEMS PRETTY obvious that there will be an enormous demand for employment in the building industry after the war, and that it will go on for years. That kind of work appeals to me more than sitting in an office.

"I cannot leave my present job till the end of the war, but I am thinking of a post-war career. Do you think it is a feasible idea? And are there any books which it would be worth my while to read in order to prepare myself a little?"

I think your plan is quite sound. There will be abundant opportunities in the building industry for a long time to come. It may seem odd to learn this kind of work from books, but there are many tips you can pick up which will help you when you come on to practical experience.

The English Universities Press has lately produced a number of such books on building and similar subjects in the "Teach Yourself" series, price 3s. each. The subjects covered include Brickwork, Roofing, Constructional Details, Planning and Designing, Joinery, Plumbing, House Repairs, and Electricity in the Home. Pick out a couple that appeal to you most as a first step. A bookseller will be able to get them for you.

"I READ WITH GREAT interest your "Charter for the 'Unwanted' Child" (JOHN BULL, March 17), but I wonder if the societies really want children to be placed in good homes.

"My husband and I decided to adopt two children, either two brothers or a brother and sister between the ages of three and six. We made the necessary application to the Waifs' and Strays' Society. After waiting three

months we were refused. Apparently the reason was that I am working.

"My husband is in the Royal Artillery, and I am carrying on with his business for the duration—that is why I do not want to give up working. But I have my mother living with me, and she is very fond of children and can look after them whenever I am not free. Had I not been certain that the children would be very happy and comfortable with us I should not have applied for them. And surely I should have been allowed the usual six months' approval before being refused legal adoption."

Your experience has been unfortunate, but undoubtedly the society was only prompted in its decision by its anxiety to see that no detail, *however small*, should militate against the future happiness of the children.

I suggest that you get in touch with the National Adoption Society, 4, Baker Street, London, W.1, and the National Children Adoption Association Incorporated, 71, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

"MY WIFE CHIDES ME with having a weak will—and I'm afraid she is right! I am ambitious to get on and to make a success of my life, but I don't stick at my job as I should. Any sort of diversion is acceptable. Even when there is no one to interrupt me, my thoughts go wandering.

"Is it possible to strengthen willpower? My worse self so often gets the better of me that I want to find some way of overcoming the weakness."

I notice one interesting point in your letter: you write as if you were two persons in one body and that these two selves are at loggerheads. Your "better self" gives way to the usurper. In a sense we are all dual personalities. William is a hard worker, but is thwarted by Billy—his other self who wants to be lazy. To succeed in life, William must keep Billy in his place. This may require effort at first, but it soon becomes a habit. Begin by making a definite programme of work and forcing yourself to keep to it. But be reasonable—don't plan more than you can accomplish in the time.

There is another point to consider—are you really interested in your job? It doesn't need willpower to do something we like and find interesting. If your job is dull, try to see it from new angles, think up some new ideas to be used in it, employ any means you can to work up a new interest and you won't have to worry about sticking to it.

Earnings and Tax

A. K., Trowbridge: A single man who has no dependants can earn £272 per annum—about £5 5s. a week—before paying any tax at the full rate of 10s., provided that he has no other source of income. For a married man the corresponding figures are £339 per annum, or about £6 10s. a week.

W. J., Bilston: Final decisions have not yet been taken regarding the conditions under which recruitment for the Indian Civil Service will be governed when it is resumed after the war. Vacancies which have accumulated during the war are, however, to be filled by candidates with war service. It is hoped that the new regulations will be issued in the near future. They will be available to members of the Armed Forces both at home and abroad.

B. M., Altrincham: The Essential Work Order does not provide for the payment of bonus. There is no Government regulation dealing with this matter. It is one for settlement between employer and employees.

X-WORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. There are times when big one comes in very handy for farmer—ST□CK. 2. You hope roll of this will last you long time—LIN□. 3. Fine one improves church service—□ASS. 4. To-day, many people are glad to have house that is this to them—LE□T. 5. There are actors who never play such parts—KIN□LY 6. Won't do so well if it's cold—□AND. 7. Is often called for when head turns up—T□IL. 8. New one isn't likely to be so mellow—WIN□. 9. One is naturally on the look-out for mistake in this—□ULL. 10. Mere this can add to heavyweight boxer's popularity—BU□K. 11. It's important one should be well constructed—□ARN. 12. Everything may well seem this to man stunned and dazed—BLU□. 13. Many seaside landladies do this all the year round—□ET. 14. Worn one can be great help to really good bowler—P□TCH.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated June 2, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**TUESDAY, May 22.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 439 John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 426 is given below "Bullets" Results in col. 2

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

ZONING

We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy 'Chinese' Figs now. They will return again as one of the fruits of Peace.

BATGER'S
'CHINESE' FIGS
NOW ONLY 12 POINTS PER 12 OZ. DRUM

The wail of the woodwork

"Only SHERWOODS PAINT can save me now"

Sherwoods Paints Ltd, Barking, Essex

When Stoker Smith becomes Mr. Smith

he'll still insist on using
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
to keep his shoes brilliantly smart and waterproof
Use sparingly—still in short supply
C.B/DR

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF

You needn't be dowdy even if you are economising. Thousands of housewives keep their homes and clothes bright and smart simply with Drummer Dyes. You too can get perfect results from home dyeing but make sure you use Drummer Dyes. Try it today—you owe it to yourself to smarten up the colours of which you are so tired.

DRUMMER DYES
IN 25 LOVELY COLOURS—4½d. EACH
Made by makers of Jiffy Dyes, Dolly Cream, Drummer Pine Disinfectant.
Wm. Edge & Sons, Ltd. — Bolton.

ENJOYS HER FOOD

Wishes she'd heard years ago of
MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"Some weeks back I was given some Moorland Indigestion Tablets. After taking them I got a supply from my local Chemist. I am pleased to tell you I can now enjoy my food, nothing disagrees with me. I wish I'd heard of them years ago." (Signed) Mrs. A. L., *Launceston.*

★ *Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/5d. including tax.*

Be Cheery

"I don't worry about backache, I take Doan's."

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

"I wish I had taken Doan's Pills earlier." "Now I keep free from rheumatic pains and urinary disorders." "My back does not bother me." are typical of thousands of statements made by grateful users.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (*inc. tax*). *Ask your Chemist for*
DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

"Prefabricated" Pioneer

First to occupy one of the prefabricated houses which are going up in the East Kent area, Mrs. Dyett is keen on all labour-saving ideas. She is a firm believer in the Rinso no-boil method of washing. "It saves so much time on washday—and my neighbours all admire my lovely white wash. I'd never dream of boiling clothes now," she says.

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, 1 coupon; 7d. packet, 2 coupons
R. S. Hudson Limited
R 3275-621

The hands that drive a thousand miles....

kept beautiful with
L'Onglex Powder NAIL POLISH

Scotch Eggs —new style

Tasty, nourishing, and easy to make with dried eggs

Just one of the many tempting dishes you can make with dried eggs — that old favourite, Scotch Eggs!

Make hard-boiled eggs by reconstituting the dried eggs and pouring into a greased egg-cup or mould — one egg to a mould. Then steam in a pan of simmering (*not* boiling) water for 10 or 15 minutes until it sets. Turn out by slipping a knife round the edge.

Hard-boiled Eggs

This gives you excellent hard-boiled eggs, for dried eggs *are* shell eggs — new-laid ones — with only shell and water removed, and they have exactly the same nutritional value as shell eggs. No need to worry about the egg shortage with dried eggs in the house! For every four "hard-boiled" eggs allow half a pound of sausage meat. Cut the meat into four portions and flatten to a circle about half-an-inch thick. Fold a circle of meat over each hard-boiled egg, covering it completely, dip in a reconstituted egg, then roll in breadcrumbs and fry till golden brown.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1
DS-27

FOR LIGHTER BETTER CAKES
use plain flour and
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

GREASOLVENT
THE ORIGINAL CLEANER
Keeps
HANDS and HOME FREE OF GREASE AND GERM LADEN DIRT
Saves Labour and Time
POWDER in Drums - 7d.
PASTE in Tins - - 8d.
NO COUPONS

Why Not A Lovely Clear Skin
FOR SPRING

If your blood is free of harmful toxins, the complexion reveals it, especially so in Springtime.

A clear, healthy skin is the reflection of that perfect inner health which purely vegetable Bile Beans surely bring. Cleansing the blood-stream, toning up digestion, improving your health and vitality, Bile Beans provide the foundation of personal charm.

So just remember—take Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

BILE BEANS
Purify The Blood & Tone You Up

Instant HELP Speedy RELIEF!

Instant help—speedy relief from colds, spring chills, pain, nerve strain, etc.! That's the pressing need when every minute is of value to freedom's cause. **It is just the sort of situation 'ASPRO' was created to tackle** — millions of 'ASPRO' users know how it responds to the people's call. 'ASPRO' accomplishes in a few minutes what a dozen out-of-date remedies used to try to do in weeks. **'ASPRO' tablets give quick help**—they soothe pain away in a flash and calm the nerves as nothing else can. 'ASPRO' relieves rheumatic pain and banishes colds and 'flu overnight. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' does not only deal with surface conditions, it also **strikes deep at the underlying causes of pain and illness.** It restores your hope and courage and **you are well again.**

'ASPRO'
Saves Time, Money & Lying up

PAINS IN HEAD, LEGS AND BODY VANISHED

E. BIRCH writes from Southall:—"I am writing to you. I have been a sufferer with my head and pains in the legs and I must say I am much better. I could not sleep at night for the pains about the body. But since I have taken 'ASPRO' I am a new woman and always will recommend 'ASPRO'. They have saved me from a long illness."

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

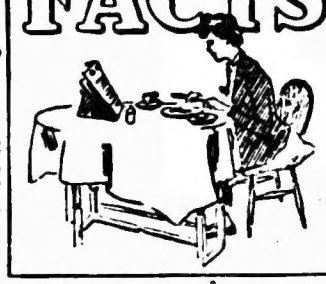
Prices 3½d., 6½d. & 1/3½

ASPRO
Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

How to make RATIONS FOR ONE go f-u-r-t-h-e-r

Planning meals is usually easier with several ration books than with just one. But the woman (or man) living alone has this advantage, that she has only her own tastes to consider. The following suggestions show what can be done with a little ingenuity. Women who are alone during the day will also find these hints useful.

FOOD FACTS



What to do when you get your meat ration as —

BREAST OF LAMB: Bone and remove surplus fat (rendering the fat down for dripping). Make a savoury stuffing, spread on the meat and roll up. Tie or skewer firmly. This can be baked, roasted or braised. If roasted, cook slowly, 40 minutes to the pound.

SCRAG END OF LAMB OR NECK OF VEAL: Use it for a stew or casserole with plenty of vegetables (leeks are very good) and some dried beans and peas. Use herbs for flavouring and a dash of vinegar from the pickle bottle.

PORK: Make it into a stew or casserole, using plenty of vegetables. Or braise it on a bed of vegetables and serve pork sausages with it.

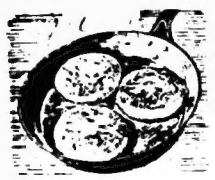
A suggestion for making beef go further is to have part of it minced and make this into Hamburgers.

Suggestions for easily made main-meal dishes

MIXED GRILL: 1 rasher of bacon, 1 sausage, a slice liver sausage, fried potato, and peas or beans.

SARDINE AND EGG SCRAMBLE: 1 small knob of fat; ½ small leek, chopped finely; 1½ level tablespoons dried egg, reconstituted; 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley; salt, pepper and pinch of mustard; 2 teaspoons vinegar; 3 sardines.

Fry leek in fat, add egg, seasoning and parsley, and scramble in usual way. Mash sardines with vinegar, add to egg and mix well.



CHEESE PUFFS: 2 oz. plain flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1 dried egg, DRY; salt and pepper; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 oz. grated cheese; water or milk to mix to a stiff batter consistency. Fat for frying.

Mix together the flour, baking powder, egg, salt and pepper, parsley, and grated cheese. Add enough liquid to make a stiff batter consistency. Heat some fat till smoking hot. Fry the batter in spoonfuls till golden brown on both sides. Serve hot with parsley sauce or brown gravy.

DRIED EGGS: The allocation of Dried Eggs is now one packet per ration book every four weeks (as from April 29th); two for holders of green books.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 252

GIVE YOUR TEETH DAY & NIGHT A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE 7½d

Prices U.K. only
REFILLS 7d and 11½d
(Including Purchase Tax)

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 244A

"Our chaps are hammering the Nazis—good and proper. We are backing them all we can—with more and more War Savings."

LET'S SAVE AS HARD AS THEY FIGHT

Issued by the National Savings Committee

CHANGE TO COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

FOR QUICKER SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning without sting or burn! 1s. & 2s. Including Tax

HARDER TO GET NOW—BUT WORTH IT WHEN YOU DO

CHRISTOPHER STONE says

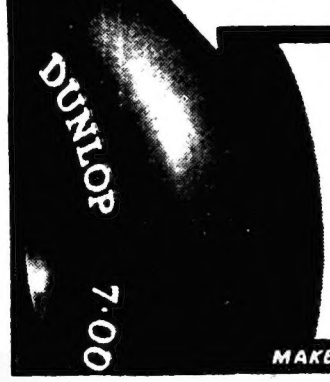
How right we were —to choose

BUSH RADIO

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK W.4 *royds* 452

500,000 VOLTS!

A TYRE THAT CONDUCTS



Aircraft in flight may become charged with high voltage electricity. On landing there is risk of shock or fire when refuelling. To eliminate this danger the ECTA electrically conducting tyre was invented in 1934 by —

DUNLOP

MAKERS OF HISTORY IN RUBBER

511 102

To soothe or celebrate, to enliven the dull moment, to cheer the tedious hour; this is the job a cigarette does so well . . . and *none* so well as " Player's ".

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

N.C.C.565

Every third house

One house in three in England and Wales is owner-occupied. When the war is over many other people will desire to purchase new houses for occupation. It should be an aim of public policy to ensure that this demand is satisfied as soon as practicable after the war. The Abbey National, in common with other building societies, will be ready and willing to to help those concerned.

ABBEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1
Chief City Office: National House, Moorgate, E.C.2

CVS-E21

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